

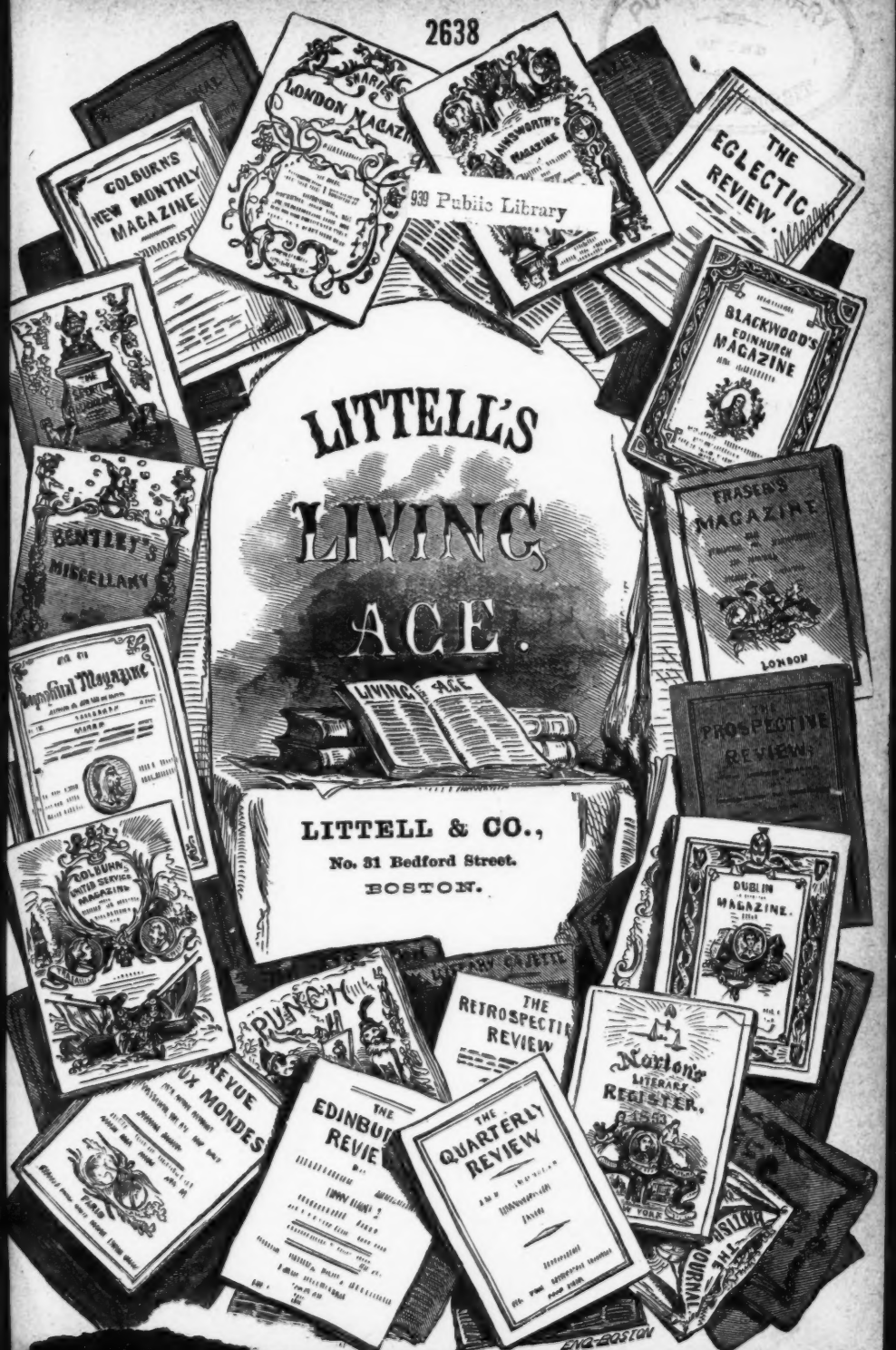
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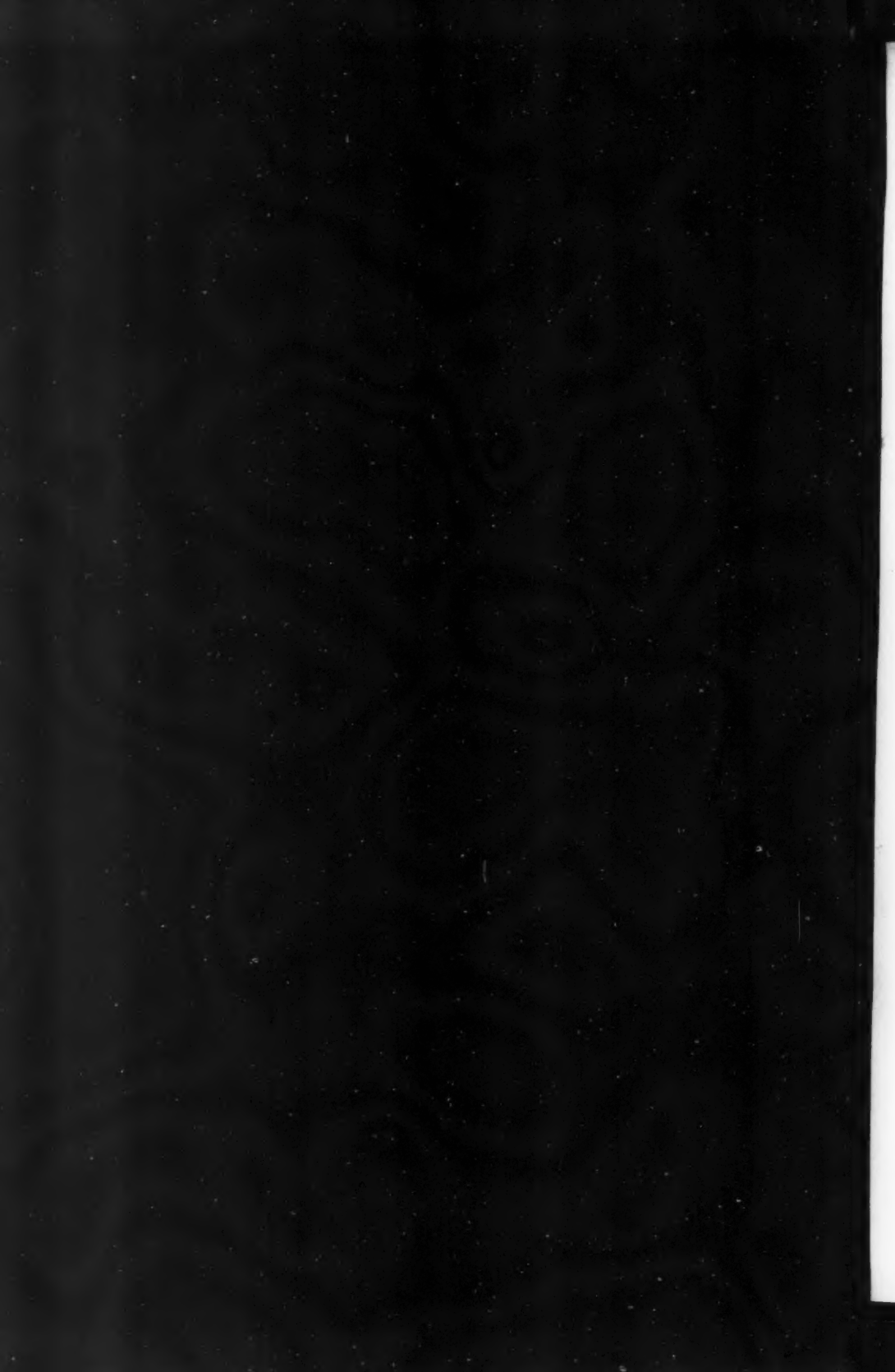
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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series, }  
Volume V. }

No. 2638 — January 26, 1895.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CCIV. }

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TO S. C.

I HEARD the pulse of the besieging sea  
Throb far away all night. I heard the  
wind  
Fly crying and convulse tumultuous palms.  
I rose and strolled. The isle was all bright  
sand,  
And flailing fans and shadows of the palm ;  
The heaven all moon and wind and the  
blind vault ;  
The keenest planet slain, for Venus slept.  
The king, my neighbor, with his host of  
wives,  
Slept in the precinct of the palisade ;  
Where single, in the wind, under the moon,  
Among the slumbering cabins, blazed a fire,  
Sole street-lamp and the only sentinel.

To other lands and nights my fancy  
turned —

To London first, and chiefly to your house,  
The many-pillared and the well-beloved.  
There yearning fancy lighted ; there again  
In the upper room I lay, and heard far off  
The unsleeping city murmur like a shell ;  
The muffled tramp of the Museum guard  
Once more went by me ; I beheld again  
Lamps vainly brighten the dispeopled  
street ;

Again I longed for the returning morn,  
The awaking traffic, the bestirring birds,  
The consentaneous trill of tiny song  
That weaves round monumental cornices  
A passing charm of beauty. Most of all,  
For your light foot I wearied, and your  
knock

That was the glad reveillé of my day.

Lo, now, when to your task in the great  
house

At morning through the portico you pass,  
One moment glance, where by the pillared  
wall,

Far-voyaging island gods, begrimed with  
smoke,

Sit now unworshipped, the rude monument  
Of faiths forgot and races undivined ;  
Sit now disconsolate, remembering well  
The priest, the victim, and the songful  
crowd,

The blaze of the blue noon, and that huge  
voice

Incessant, of the breakers on the shore.  
As far as these from their ancestral shrine,  
So far, so foreign, your divided friends  
Wander, estranged in body, not in mind.  
The tropics vanish, and meseems that I,  
From Halkerside, from topmost Allermuir,  
Or steep Caerketton, dreaming gaze again.

Far set in fields and woods, the town I see  
Spring gallant from the shallows of her  
smoke,  
Cragg'd, spired, and turreted, her virgin  
fort  
Beflagg'd. About, on seaward drooping  
hills,  
New folds of city glitter. Last, the Forth  
Wheels ample waters set with sacred isles,  
And populous Fife smokes with a score of  
towns.

There, on the sunny frontage of a hill,  
Hard by the house of kings, repose the  
dead,  
My dead, the ready and the strong of word.  
Their works, the salt-encrusted, still sur-  
vive ;

The sea bombards their founded towers ;  
the night

Thrills pierced with their strong lamps.  
The artificers,

One after one, here in this grated cell,  
Where the rain erases and the rust con-  
sumes,

Fell upon lasting silence. Continents  
And continental oceans intervene ;  
A sea uncharted, on a lampless isle,  
Environs and confines their wandering  
child

In vain. The voice of generations dead  
Summons me, sitting distant, to arise,  
My numerous footsteps nimbly to retrace,  
And all mutation over, stretch me down  
In that denoted city of the dead,

R. L. STEVENSON.  
Isle of Apemama. Longman's Magazine.

## SKYLARK.

Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, Sweet, —  
The virginal, untroubled sky,  
And this vext region at my feet, —  
Alas, but one have I !

To all my songs there clings the shade,  
The dulling shade of mundane care.  
They amid mortal mists are made, —  
Thine in immortal air.

My heart is dashed with griefs and fears ;  
My song comes fluttering, and is gone.  
O high above the home of tears,  
Eternal Joy, sing on.

WILLIAM WATSON.

From Temple Bar.

SOME BEAUTIES OF COWPER.

THE opening year of the present century, while marking as it did a new dispensation in many things, took something from us — the poet Cowper.

Amid the burst of poetic song which hailed the birth of the new era, the silencing of one mellifluous note created little dismay, and scarcely interrupted the chorus.

Such a wealth of word-music as England has possessed from the end of the last century until to-day has rarely been poured into the literary lap of any nation, and is only paralleled with us in the titanic productions of the great sixteenth century.

It is not therefore surprising that in the excitement which attended the advent of a Southey, a Wordsworth, a Coleridge, a Keats, a Shelley, a Byron, and the departure of a Burns, the quiet passing of Cowper's genius should have created but little turmoil in the world of letters.

If Cowper's years linked him to the old world that — amid some scorn from the bystanders — was passing away, his aspirations and achievements entitled him to the reverent admiration of the new. But the religious fervor impregnating all his works was distasteful to a generation that approved free thought, and his emphatic reiteration of the conditions requisite for the exercise of what he deemed true liberty — as distinguished from anarchy — fell upon ears filled with and deafened by revolutionary clamor.

Two further causes have contributed to a literary depreciation of Cowper. Of these the first is the cold purity of his muse. Although he sang domestic joys, his raptures are at best the gentle endearments of affection, not the passionate wooings of love. In this Cowper to a large extent resembled Milton, on whose style he consciously, and not without success, modelled his own.

The second cause of this depreciation may be found in the gradual ascendency and final triumph of Wordsworth, the bushel of whose greatness

enveloped and hid the light of Cowper's genius.

Without doubt Cowper owed something to the influence of his contemporaries, Thomson and Beattie, although the sum of his indebtedness to either is likely to be exaggerated. Even when it is granted that he was encouraged in his choice of nature subjects by a study of "The Seasons" or "The Minstrel," or that in his use of alliteration and of blank verse Thomson afforded an illustrious precedent — all this being granted, the net total of work resulting from Cowper's pen differs so widely from the productions of Thomson's genius that it is difficult to trace the connection between them.

Thomson, it is true, had flung the trammels of the heroic couplet from him some years before Cowper's birth, yet a certain stiff and forced stateliness of manner, which was not the majesty of Milton remained. Cowper, on the other hand, although he did not offer Thomson's rich glow of coloring, was free from this defect of stiltedness, and his easy, unaffected dignity of line forms a sort of half-way house between the verbose pomp of Thomson and the simple grandeur of Wordsworth. Between the last-mentioned poet and Cowper there is a similarity which is not of style merely. Both loved the solitary country walk, the ramble along flowery lanes and meads; both held silent communion with nature and nature's God; both, while soaring in the highest regions of thought and feeling, delighted to stoop to the consideration of the humble incidents of every-day life. With both the conviction that everything is capable of poetic treatment amounted almost to the intensity of a creed.

Thus much externally. Now let us enter the poet's own "sanctum" — his pages. Here we have abundant evidence as to Cowper's extensive use of alliteration. The subtle assimilation of sound lends a fine and exquisite tone to such lines as: —

Let laurels drenched in pure Parnassian  
dews.

His life a lesson to the land he sways.

kites that swim sublime  
In still repeated circles, screaming loud.  
To dream all night of what the day denied.  
While the winds whistle, and the snows  
descend.

Stillness accompanied with sounds so soft.

That Cowper was a word-artist, subtly acquainted with the meaning conveyed in certain consonant-sounds, is obvious from his use of *dentals* in such "damnatory clauses" as :—

whose designs

No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts.  
Or, —

Denounce no doom on the delinquent.  
Just as Milton's use of *aspirates* conveys the sense of quick-breathing effort in the lines, —

Him the Almighty Power  
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal  
sky.

Similarly, the application of the "*str*" sound admirably conveys the notion of "*stir* and bluster" in the line, —

And strut, and storm, and straddle, stamp,  
and stare.

To press this evidence a little further there seems an intentional use of "f's" with a view to suggest light, feathery emptiness in such expressions as

The fool-frequented fair.

To float a bubble on the breath of fame.

The frequent flakes,  
and in that most exquisite line describing the frosted grasses which, —

Fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.

Apart from the alliteration in the phrase, —

... lubbard labor ...  
... loitering lazily ...

the use of the contemptuous suffix "ard" in reference to the deplorable stupidity of the average hired agriculturist is no less happy than appropriate.

With regard to Cowper's use of metaphor, we notice a distinct weakening of classic usage. The similes are rarer, terser, and less consciously in-

troduced than might have been expected in so close a student of Homer and Milton. As specimens of his strong, vigorous imagery the following may serve : —

But let eternal infamy pursue  
The wretch to nought but his ambition  
true,  
Who for the sake of filling with one blast  
The post-horns of all Europe, lays her  
waste.

He gives the word, and Mutiny soon roars  
In all her gates, and shakes her distant  
shores.

While servile trick and imitative knack  
Confine the million in the beaten track,  
Perhaps some courser, who disdains the  
road,  
Snuffs up the wind, and flings himself  
abroad.

Till hardened his heart's temper in the  
forge  
Of lust, and on the anvil of despair,  
He slights the strokes of conscience.

But the poet is capable of a milder mood, and from his pen there flows at times a soft, luxurious grace not out of keeping with his strength. Take, for example, the magnificence of this :

Give me the line that ploughs its stately  
course,  
Like a proud swan, conquering the stream  
by force.

Or of this, —

He struck the lyre in such a careless mood  
And so disdained the rules he understood,  
The laurel seemed to wait on his command,  
He snatched it rudely from the Muse's  
hand.

Equally irresistible is the charm  
of, —

The dancing naiads through the dewy  
meads ;

or of, —

Fancy, that from the bow that spans the  
sky,  
Brings colors dipped in Heaven, that never  
die.

What description of a rill could be more graceful than the following : —

between them weeps  
A little naiad her impoverished urn  
All summer long, which winter fills again.

In at least one simile Cowper pays his tribute to classic form, where, speaking of poetic genius, he writes :—

He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose,  
And tedious years of Gothic darkness past,  
Emerg'd all splendor, in our isle at last.  
Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,  
Then show far off their shining plumes  
again.

There can be little doubt that the power of sustained and unflagging effort, equally distributed along the line of work, is one of the distinguishing marks of genius, while together with this is usually found the capacity for a suitable and proportionate distribution of forces. Both of these qualities Cowper possesses in a large degree. He is always strong, clear, forcible, even when he is not always attractive.

Like Shakespeare and Milton, his greater predecessors, he refrains from riding Pegasus to death. Without struggling to keep continually a strained, unnatural pitch, and while even upon occasion preferring to fly low and near to earth, when the nature of his subject requires it, he soars with such a splendid sweep of wing that we ourselves are stirred by the waves of its vibration.

We may witness such flights in Cowper's rhapsodies upon subjects so peculiarly dear to him as poetry, virtue, liberty, and nature. Of these, the first in respect of style is prison-born, yet so gracefully does the poet wear the fetters of the pseudo-classicism, that our admiration is only heightened by our acquaintance with the grim conditions of production. We give it at length :—

I know the mind that feels indeed the fire  
The muse imparts, and can command the  
lyre,

Aets with a force and kindles with a zeal  
Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.  
If human woes her soft attention claim,  
A tender sympathy pervades the frame ;  
She pours a sensibility divine  
Along the nerve of every feeling line.  
But if a deed not tamely to be borne  
Fire indignation and a sense of scorn.

The strings are swept with such a power,  
so loud  
The storm of music shakes th' astonished  
crowd.

So when remote futurity is brought  
Before the keen enquiry of her thought,  
A terrible sagacity informs  
The poet's heart : he looks to distant  
storms ;

He hears the thunder ere the tempest  
lowers,  
And armed with strength surpassing hu-  
man powers,

Seizes events as yet unknown to man,  
And darts his soul into the dawning plan.  
Some pages further, Cowper, uncon-  
scious of his own approaching liberty,  
laments his bars by recalling the primal  
freedom of art

In Eden, ere yet innocence of heart  
Had faded, poetry was not an art :  
Language above all teaching.

Elegant as simplicity, and warm  
As ecstasy, unmanacled by form.

Was natural, as is the flowing stream,  
And yet magnificent—a God the theme !

Judged from our modern standpoint, this passage is almost a prophetic forecast of the channels in which succeeding poetic inspiration was to flow.

Cowper's description of the classic muse is rich in its vivid coloring, and the masterly presentment of the scene would not have been unworthy of Keats :—

Then genius danced a bacchanal ; he  
crowned  
The brimming goblet, seized the thyrsus,  
bound

His brows with ivy, rushed into the field  
Of wild imagination, and there reeled,  
The victim of his own lascivious fires,  
And, dizzy with delight, profaned the  
sacred wires.

In writing of "virtue," which Cowper calls

The only amaranthine flower on earth,

the poet catches something of a Miltonic grace and purity. Take for instance the passage where he urges the conversion of the wicked man :—



Haste now, philosopher, and set him free.  
Charm the deaf serpent wisely. Make him  
hear

Of rectitude and fitness, moral truth  
How lovely, and the moral sense how sure,  
Consulted and obeyed, to guide his steps  
Directly to the First and only Fair.  
Spare not in such a cause. Spend all thy  
powers.

And with poetic trappings grace thy prose  
Till it outmantle all the pride of verse.  
Ah! tinkling cymbal and high-sounding  
brass

Smitten in vain! such music cannot charm  
The eclipse that intercepts truth's heavenly  
beam

And chills and darkens a wide wandering  
soul.

The still small voice is wanted. He must  
speak

Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect;  
Who calls for things that are not, and they  
come.

Equally beautiful is the passage in  
which the poet sings the dirge of the  
martyrs:—

they lived unknown  
Till persecution dragged them into fame  
And chased them up to heaven. Their  
ashes flew  
No marble tells us whither.

Next to the contemplation of virtue,  
the praise of liberty was a kindred, and  
to Cowper an equally congenial, sub-  
ject. The two ideas were closely asso-  
ciated in the poet's mind, which,  
clouded as it became on the subject of  
his own religious experiences, was  
clear enough in its conviction that in  
the pursuit of virtue alone true liberty  
was to be found.

Cowper's voice was raised in the  
praise of liberty at a time when the  
French Revolution had not yet kindled  
indignant genius into flame; when  
Coleridge's famous ode was as yet un-  
written, and when Wordsworth's son-  
nets to France and liberty were yet  
unsung.

True, some forty years before the  
publication of "The Task," Collins  
had published an ode to liberty, but it  
abounded in such grandiloquence of  
style as made it unintelligible, if not  
unacceptable, to the majority of read-

ers. Whatever may be the defects of  
Cowper's lines—and to my mind they  
are few—they do not err from a want  
of lucidity. In "Table Talk" we find  
him apostrophizing the subject thus:—

O Liberty! The prisoner's pleasing dream,  
The poet's muse, his passion and his  
theme;

Genius is thine, and thou art Fancy's  
nurse.

Lost without thee, th' ennobling powers of  
verse.

Heroic song from thy free touch acquires  
Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires.

Place me where winter breathes his keen-  
est air,

And I will sing if liberty be there,

And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet

In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest  
heat.

In the last line the poet is carried, by  
the intensity of his emotion, into an  
Alexandrine.

In another passage beginning:—

When tumult lately burst his prison doors,

Cowper distinguishes between liberty  
and the anarchy that with some passes  
for it. He closes the lines with the  
following address to Liberty:—

Incomparable gem! thy worth untold

Cheap though blood-bought, and thrown  
away when sold.

May no foes ravish thee, and no false friend  
Betray thee while professing to defend.

In the same strain are the lines in  
which Cowper sang the doom of the  
Bastille, and which, beginning:—

Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken  
hearts,

are probably well known even to gen-  
eral readers.

But that description of the prison-  
er's misery with which they close may  
have served to suggest the spirit of  
Byron's exquisite "Lament of Tasso."

We quote a few lines:—

There dwell the most forlorn of human  
kind

Immured tho' unaccused, condemned un-  
tried,

Cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape.

To count the hour-bell and expect no  
change,  
Still to reflect, that though a joyless note  
To him whose movements have all one dull  
pace,  
Ten thousand rovers in the world at large  
Account it music.

Perhaps no lines can more appropriately close the illustration of Cowper's great passion for liberty than that noble paragraph beginning : —

But yet there is a liberty unsung  
By poets, and by senators unpraised,  
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the  
powers  
Of earth and hell confederate — take away.

'Tis liberty of heart derived from Heaven.

And now, leaving hurriedly in the rear such isolated splendors of line as :

By silent magnanimity alone.

And all his country beaming in his face.  
When freedom, wounded almost to despair.  
The powers that sin hath brought to a decline.

The poet's treasure — silence.

Bacon there  
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,  
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.

travel nature up  
To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,  
And tell us whence the stars.

And riots in the sweets of every breeze.

Was but the graver countenance of love,

and passing almost without comment  
the magnificence of such lines as —

your songs confound  
Our more harmonious notes : the thrush  
departs

Scared, and the offended nightingale is  
mute,

and of —

And at his feet the baffled billows die,  
we must press on to the ecstasy of  
Cowper's nature studies.

Here our wealth almost confounds  
us. With the exception of Gray's immortal elegy, and of "The Seasons," the poetry of the time is cold and almost barren of nature-touches. When we remember, too, the tendency of the day to envelop everything in fantastic

metaphorical guise, so that with Thomson even the birds are "fowls of heaven," Cowper's high, brave simplicity of diction amounts almost to a daring realism. As an illustration of this let us take from "The Winter Morning Walk," Cowper's description of a winter landscape : —

The streams are lost amid the splendid  
blank

O'erwhelming all distinction. On the flood  
Indurated and fixed, the snowy weight  
Lies undissolved ; while silently beneath,  
And unperceived, the current steals away.  
Not so where, scornful of a check, it leaps  
The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,  
And wantons in the pebbly gulf below !  
No frost can bind it there ; its utmost force  
Can but arrest the light and smoky mist  
That in its fall the liquid sheet throws  
wide.

Can anything surpass the power of this description, that so skilfully leads the mental eye from the tranquil rest of the frozen river surface to the rushing tumult of the unfrozen mill-race ? Or notice the charm of this passage taken from "The Winter Walk at Noon : " —

The night was winter in his roughest  
mood ;

The morning sharp and clear. But now  
at noon

Upon the southern side of the slant hills,  
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,

The season smiles, resigning all its rage,  
And has the warmth of May. The vault is  
blue

Without a cloud, and white without a  
speck

The dazzling splendor of the scene below.  
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,  
And through the trees I view the embattled tower

Whence all the music. I again perceive  
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,

And settle in soft musings as I tread  
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and  
elms

Whose outspread branches overarch the  
glade.

The roof, though movable through all its  
length

As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,  
And intercepting in their silent fall

The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.

No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.

The redbreast warbles still, but is content  
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed :

Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light  
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes

From many a twig the pendent drops of ice  
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.  
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,  
Charms more than silence.

Then, as if the poet's mind leapt  
forth to meet the spring, he writes : —

But trees, and rivulets whose rapid course  
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer  
And sheep-walks populous with bleating  
lambs,

And lanes in which the primrose ere her  
time

Peeps through the moss that clothes the  
hawthorn root,  
Deceive no student.

With a yet more exquisite music he  
sings : —

these naked shoots

Barren as lances, among which the wind  
Makes wintry music, sighing as he goes,  
Shall put their graceful foliage on again.

Shall boast new charms, and more than  
they have lost.

. . . Laburnum rich

In streaming gold ; syringa, ivory pure ;  
The scentless and the scented rose ; this  
red

And of an humbler growth, the other tall  
And throwing up into the darkest gloom  
Of neighboring cypress, or more sable yew,  
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf  
That the wind severs from the broken  
wave ;

The lilac, various in array, now white,  
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now  
set

With purple spikes pyramidal, as if  
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved  
Which hue she most approved, she chose  
them all ;

Copious of flowers the woodbine, pale and  
wan,

But well compensating her sickly looks  
With never cloying odors, early and late ;

and luxuriant above all

The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant  
sweets,

The deep dark green of whose unvarnished  
leaf

Makes more conspicuous and illumines  
more

The bright profusion of her scattered stars ;  
These have been and these shall be in their  
day,

And all this uniform uncolored scene  
Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,  
And flush into variety again.

In exquisite lyrical beauty this pas-  
sage must take rank among the finest  
specimens of the art, and is scarcely  
inferior to any of those famous pas-  
sages in praise of flowers which are  
the peculiar boast of our island litera-  
ture.

Turning to other pages, we come  
upon Cowper's sublime invocation to  
winter : —

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,  
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes  
filled,

Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy  
cheeks

Fringed with a beard made white with  
other snows

Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped  
in clouds,

A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy  
throne

A sliding car, indebted to no wheels  
But urged by storms upon its slippery way,  
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st  
And dreaded as thou art ! Thou hold'st  
the sun

A prisoner in the yet undawning east,  
Shortening his journey between morn and  
noon,

And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,  
Down to the rosy west.

In some passages we discover what  
might be called an "anticipatory  
Wordsworthian" spirit. Of these the  
following is perhaps typical : —

How oft upon yon eminence our pace  
Has slackened to a pause, and we have  
borne

The ruffling wind scarce conscious that it  
blew,

While admiration feeding at the eye,  
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.

Thence with what pleasure have we just  
discerned

The distant plough slow moving, and be-  
side

His laboring team that swerved not from  
the track,  
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy.

Still more harmonious numbers flow  
in the climax that follows :—

Not rural sights alone but rural sounds  
Exhilarate the spirit and restore  
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds  
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading  
wood

Of ancient growth, make music not unlike  
The dash of ocean on his winding shore.

Nor less composure waits upon the roar  
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice  
Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that  
slip

Through the cleft rock, and chiming as  
they fall

Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at  
length

In matted grass, that with a livelier green  
Betrays the secret of their silent course.

We would again draw attention to  
the meridian of Wordsworth's genius  
as the effulgence which outshone  
Cowper's lesser light. Not only had  
Wordsworth a greater power and  
strength of expression, but he had  
that which Cowper, notwithstanding  
his tender love for all creation, lacks :  
the power of seizing the spirit which  
infuses all landscape, and of interpreting  
for us the voice that speaks in and  
through nature.

Wordsworth is a poet of a higher  
order by reason of this greater depth of  
vision. Not only did he see nature,  
but he saw into nature, and brought  
forth to our view what had hitherto  
lain hidden and unexpressed. Words-  
worth was filled to overflowing with  
the consciousness of that "something  
more deeply interfused." The advent  
of Wordsworth was to the spiritual,  
what the discovery of gold was to the  
material world : the laying open of a  
rich vein of unsuspected delight. He  
taught us with him,—

To look on nature not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing often-  
times

The still sad music of humanity.

And herein is Cowper's weakness.  
It is when weighed in the balance of

the nineteenth century "storm and  
stress" "zeit-geist," that Cowper's  
poetry is found wanting in the spirit  
of penetrative inquiry.

Cowper is not sufficiently concerned  
with the conception of nature's rela-  
tions to man. He felt her beauty,  
caught her music, but, unlike Words-  
worth, *he failed to grasp her soul*. Much  
as he may have been touched by it,  
Cowper does not give utterance to any  
sense of the pathos of landscape ; that  
vague, undefined "*want*" haunting the  
most exquisite natural surroundings ;  
that "veiled melancholy" which Keats  
discovered dwelling with beauty.

It yet remains to be seen whether a  
subtler analysis will reveal the poet  
restrained by a sense of ideal delicacy  
from depicting nature as but the mirror  
of a plaintive even if refined egoism.

Be this as it may, it is obvious that  
in respect of nature "word-painting,"  
while Cowper is the Gainsborough, we  
must look to Wordsworth to find the  
Turner of the poetical landscape.

And now we must draw to an end,  
having perchance exhausted our read-  
er's patience, though not our subject.

We have but been able to touch upon  
the more obvious and striking beauties  
of the poet, and must pass without  
comment his happy biographical refer-  
ences to such names as Addison, Pope,  
Chatham, Handel, or Milton ; we must  
pass without a word Cowper's concep-  
tion of the deity, his ideal of a king,  
and his praise of many high and noble  
subjects. We must also leave with  
nothing more than a farewell the many  
examples scattered throughout his  
works, of Cowper's quiet irony and  
pleasing humor. One last tribute of  
praise, however, we are impelled to pay  
to the poet, who was peculiarly the  
laureate of animals :—

dumb, but yet endued  
With eloquence that agonies inspire  
Of silent tears, and heart distending sighs,  
to the poet who felt how—

Earth groans beneath the burden of a war  
Waged with defenceless innocence.

And now what must be our last word  
on Cowper ? Mentally reviewing the

noble aim of all his works, shall we not say that here was a strong though delicately sensitive and refined temperament; a soul whose chords were subtly attuned and greatly in harmony with man and nature?

ALICE LAW.

From *The Cornhill Magazine*.  
THE MAYOR'S SECRET.

I.

IT was the new mayor's first attendance in court since his elevation to the mayoralty. He was a large man, with a smoothly shaven face, of a white complexion, and with cheeks and lips that both seemed naturally to tend downwards. Generally he was reckoned austere. But those who best understood human nature read mercy in his eyes, as well as the innate love of justice which is the mark of the upright and reasonable-minded man. To tell the truth, there was often a shadow of weariness and deep melancholy upon the face of Merab Onslow, which was his Worship's name. But it never stayed there long at a time; for the man had a knack of arousing himself and expanding into impetuous jest or laughter just when his gravity seemed to verge upon the pathetic. He had long been famous in the town as a vivacious table companion, a conscientious councillor, an opulent merchant, and a generous benefactor of the poor.

Of late, further, he had acquired the reputation of being a very earnest Christian. This reputation seemed to start from the time when it was told him that the honor of the mayoralty was within his grasp in a measurable number of years. Previous to then the man had been downright gay, but now he suddenly changed. He attended service twice every Sunday at the handsome stone chapel of the Independents in Lord Street, prayed, sang, and gave his attention to the minister in a most exemplary manner. In due time he was chosen a deacon of the chapel. Nothing appeared more comely in him than this desirable dig-

uity. His smiles grew rarer and rarer, but as the minister remarked in confidence to his wife, more and more saintly. Every Sunday he put a sovereign in the collecting-box, and did it, moreover, without ostentation. Occasionally, on week days, he addressed the young people of the Lord Street congregation. Then it was that his nature showed at its best. His grave eloquence often affected to tears, and none knew better than the minister what a multitude of good resolutions were begotten in the hearts of his hearers as a result of this particular gift of eloquence.

Commercially, the mayor was a maker of screws. His increasing generosity led his townsfolk to say pleasant things about the articles he made; they deserved, it was generally admitted, a better name than they bore. But this, of course, was mere humor. It was not the screws, but their manufacturer that was to be praised. His journeymen confirmed this view of the matter. All who dealt with him seconded the journeymen in their opinion.

Shortly after the blessing of religious enthusiasm had come upon him, the mayor had married. He was then five-and-forty. "It was," as the minister declared with unnecessary candor, "a godly, not a passionate alliance." In other words, the bride had passed her first youth and more. She was a worthy woman, pitted with the small-pox, having a nose of unusual dimensions and mendaciously red; and she was forty-three years of age. Never since her arrival in the town had she worn aught but black, with a thick veil to her face. This of itself indicated her a person free from commonplace vanity. Yet she was comparatively wealthy, and kept a sober, closed carriage, and a coachman who never failed to show her all the outward forms of extreme respect. The town knew nothing about the woman except that she was well-to-do, ill to look at, and devout. The mayor himself could have known no more when he offered her his hand and heart. As the Lord Street minister said, "There is doubt-



less a spiritual affinity between persons of unqualified righteousness which makes it possible for them to dispense with ordinary material acquaintance-ship." After the celebration of the marriage Mr. Onslow pressed a cheque for 100*l.* into the minister's hand. "Our thank-offering," he whispered.

And so it came about that in due time Councillor Onslow was invited by a deputation of his brother councillors to become the mayor for the ensuing year. The honored man looked more than happy and proud at this moment; he appeared overcome. He murmured something to the effect that he did not merit such a favor at their hands. They conjured him not to be diffident. The senior alderman, a bluff old gentleman, who had seen the council chamber thinned and replenished in the course of years, slapped him cordially on the back and bade him pull himself together. "You'll make a rattling good chief officer, you will, Onslow," he said encouragingly. The others also urged him after their respective abilities. The choice, they said, was unanimous.

Whereupon the mayor-elect, with a hurried and emotional request to be excused for a moment, had left the room—his colleagues meanwhile trifling with sherry wine and biscuits. A minute later he returned with his wife on his arm. The dear lady's face was effulgent with happiness, and she clasped her two hands together as she leant against her husband. "Domestic opinion, gentlemen," said the mayor-elect, "is worth having, to my mind. I have asked my dear helpmate to advise me, and she thinks you may have your way with me. I therefore proudly, yet in all Christian humility, accept the exalted office you are so good as to press upon me."

Some of the councillors went away from the mayor-elect's residence that day almost envying him his wife—in a Platonic sense, of course. It is much for a man to become the god of a woman's idolatry on earth; and it was clear that he stood towards Mrs. Onslow in that light. Admittedly she was

no beauty. But there had been that in the pock-pitted face which, with mature men, takes higher rank than beauty.

The councillors had not been human if they had forbore to comment a little humorously on the scene they had witnessed. But there was no rancor against the mayor-elect in their remarks. He was a good fellow all round, with a capital presence; and would out of question act the part of mayor with entire success. "Absolutely immaculate!" observed one of the men heartily—he was of the Lord Street congregation. It was nothing in detraction of the mayor-elect, but rather a discreet concession to prudence, that another councillor should reply as he did, "And that is the worst thing I know about Onslow. If only he had a peccadillo or two!"

"Oh!" exclaimed old Nestor airily, shaking his shoulders, "don't be too sure he hasn't. And, my goodness gracious! if he has, it'll come to the top during his year of office—that it will. I never knew what a pile of defects I had till I'd been mayor three times running."

"And perhaps not all told even then," gently insinuated another councillor.

"It ain't impossible, sir," was the retort, with a humble nod of the head.

Of course, however, in reality, Mr. Onslow was far from perfect. There was a certain mean red house in an alley out of Crab Street—the Irish quarter of the town—which held one of his secrets. Its tenants were a slatternly woman with impudent blue eyes, and a drunken young man of one-and-twenty. The latter was Mr. Onslow's son, and he called the woman "mother" when he was sufficiently sober to be coherent and polite at the same time.

Tippling Tim was the common name for this unhappy young man in the neighborhood. He was, as might have been expected, a sad object—tall and lean, and with gin written in red hillocks about his face. Yet the woman was dearly fond of him—was wont to

lead him from the public-houses and put him to bed with wonderful tenderness, and exhort him with tears in her eyes to try to do what his father wished him to do. But it was no use. He had been put apprentice to the bookbinding, he had even been admitted into the Onslow screw factory; and his drunken habits had driven him from both.

The minister of the Lord Street chapel knew of the mayor-elect's visits in Crab Street. He accounted them another testimony to the extraordinary worth of his deacon. What other man with his absorbing business, his social connections, and his municipal interests would have added district visiting to the list of his engagements?

But when Mr. Onslow found his way into Crab Street Alley the door was always shrewdly fastened at once. If passers-by heard the voice of Tippling Tim's mother unusually loud and shrill at such times it was assumed she was trying her arts to seduce money from the rich man's pockets.

Yet it was not that at all. The woman had loved Onslow once, of course, even as he had loved her. But the time had long passed. All her love was now centred on her wretched son, who had sad need of it; for he was not a lovable object to the world at large. And whenever Onslow visited her she unloosed her tongue in reproaches and threats which tried him to the uttermost. It was his fault and no one else's that the lad was such a vagabond. Was he not ashamed of himself? It was disgraceful, wicked, and vile that he should be living in a great house with a dozen windows facing the quarter of the sunset, and with liveried servants; and that his son, his only son, should be — what he was.

Onslow bore it well; but it cut him to the core. Was he so much to blame? he often asked himself. He could not think so; for did he not do all he could to win the youth into right ways, and did he not make the woman an allowance that would have supported them both in comfort if she were not at the

mercy of her son, who wheedled her money from her with ease whenever he thirsted for gin?

But the sharpest pang of all that he had to endure was the intense love he felt for this wretched effigy of himself. The lad was, in his less drunken and his less sensible moments, very like what Merab Onslow had been at his age. The eyes and nose were the same. Only in the mouth was there unlikeness. The lad's lips already hung flabbily—a token of his degradation and the exile of all honest and good resolutions from out of him.

Mr. Onslow had tried persuasion, and he had tried menaces. But they were both futile. Cain, as the mother had had the boy christened (as if with a sad prevision of his lot), was neither to be coerced nor led. He seemed bent on proving that he was to be a thorn in his father's side to the bitter end.

"I'm your son, guv'nor," he said; "and I don't see as I shouldn't do as I've a mind to."

Argument was wasted upon him.

When the mayor-elect duly found his way to Crab Street Alley to tell of the dignity that was his, the ungainly youth turned a somersault on the floor under his father's eyes, with the words: "Oh, be joyful!" Afterwards, he asked for money as a whet, in honor of the event. There was a red scar across his left temple. "It was fighting that did it," said his mother, with a pout of the lips towards Mr. Onslow.

"And this," said the mayor-elect at that moment, in the biting distress of his mind, "is my only son!"

"There's no doubt about that," replied the woman; "leastways, if you're to be believed. But something will have to be done with the poor lad. A' Monday I went in fear o' my life wi' him. He heaved a chair at me. You see them broken winder panes? That was it. Didn't you, Cain?"

"I reckon I did," was the answer, with a leer; "an' I'll do it again if you set agin me like that. I ain't a one to be sat on by women folks, I ain't."

At this the mayor seemed to lose patience.

"Mark me, my lad," he exclaimed, with impressive severity. "If I have any more of this sort of thing you leave the country, and then the good Lord only knows what will become of you!"

"I reckon you can't force me, any way," replied the young man, pursing his lips. "I ain't a one to be forced by man, woman, or child—so there's for you, father or no father."

"I have said, my lad," rejoined the mayor-elect, as he turned to the door. But he had no sooner gone outside than he re-entered, and, with a strange, muffled cry, sprang at the lad and took him in his arms.

"Cain, my son, my son, pray that you may be changed! God in heaven shine upon him—my only and my much-loved child!"

The mayor was welcomed into court very heartily. The other magistrates and their clerk shook hands with him and tendered their congratulations. The chief constable approached to do the same, and the police officers stood to attention in a most gratifying manner. If only there had been a fanfare of trumpets and a herald's voice, the scene would have been complete.

His Worship looked uncommonly well in the scarlet and sable of his robes. One of the magistrates, a waggish doctor, whispered as much, whereat Merab Onslow smiled. Then, when the mace was set on the table in front and preparations were being made for the introduction of the prisoners, the mayor's eyes stole irresistibly to the great board on the wall before him, with the names in letters of gold of his predecessors in the mayoral chair since the town became a municipality. Honest natural pride warmed the cockles of his heart. One of those his predecessors now sat in the House of Commons, and was reputed a valued member of his party, though he seldom spoke on its behalf. Another had risen to the rank of baronet, and two had been knighted.

There were also three large portraits in oils on the walls of the chamber—all mayors in their scarlet and sable. The three had done the town good service. One was the parent of the existing sewage scheme; a second had broken a blood-vessel in the earnestness of his debate on the subject of abolishing the Sunday delivery of letters; and a third had given much time to the promotion of the passing of a certain act of Parliament whereby the borough had benefited. Not one of the three had the physical presence of Merab Onslow. Probably not one of the three ever felt more genuinely thankful for the mercies that had been vouchsafed to him, or a more manly feeling of regard for his fellow-creatures.

Life seemed to the mayor at that moment remarkably well worth living.

Then they brought in the first prisoner—a pallid, intemperate young man with a foolish, tipsy look of bravado on his face—and instantly Merab Onslow's feelings changed. It was his son, no less.

The youth was charged with being drunk and disorderly. There was no denial of the charge. The evidence was straightforward; one constable seconded the other, and the two told how they had had to carry the culprit to the station at considerable risk of being gravely kicked by his furious drunken legs.

Upon his entrance into the court the prisoner had proffered the mayor a greeting, and called him "Guv'nor." The constable near had thereupon hustled the youth a little, and warned him to behave himself. The two score citizens and others in the public part of the chamber laughed. The clerk frowned and shrugged his shoulders with the words, "Tippling Tim again!" and the mayor bent his head a little aside and rested it on his hand with a sudden expression of weariness. However, when the evidence was given, his Worship asked his neighbor magistrate if there was any objection to discharging the youth. "It seems a trivial case," he observed faintly.

"But, your Worship," interposed

the clerk, who heard the suggestion, "it is the fellow's ninth conviction!"

"Tenth, sir," said a constable in amendment.

"Ah!"

This seemed serious news indeed to the mayor. But it did not appear to distress the prisoner.

"Never you mind, guv'nor," he said, with a smile of degraded serenity that oddly emphasized the likeness he bore to his father. "I'd as soon be in gaol as in my home—I would—with a nagging mother and a father what—and never a father at all!"

"Tippling Tim assuming to be sentimental!" remarked the clerk, with a smile. "Well, that's rich!"

Then the youth was sentenced to pay a fine of twenty shillings and costs, or in default suffer a month's imprisonment.

"It will be worse for you the next time, understand that," added the clerk, as the prisoner was being removed.

"You are sure he has been convicted before?" asked the mayor, with a singular pallor upon his face.

"Quite sure, sir," was the reply.

"And hitherto have his fines been paid?"

"Always. It's a mystery how he gets the money; either he's a clever rogue or there's some one at the back of him."

"This," reflected Merab Onslow, "explains much. Poor soul! How she has suffered with him!"

A stern expression came over the mayor's face. He spoke a word or two to the magistrate on either side of him, and then whispered to the clerk. The latter, in consequence, called for the reappearance of Tippling Tim. His sentence was altered. It was a month's imprisonment without the option of a fine. There was a strange and by no means pleasant look in the young man's eyes as he raised them towards the chief magistrate, with the words, "Thank you, guv'nor. That is kind. I'll not forget it!"

The other business of the morning passed off uneventfully enough. Upon

the whole, Merab Onslow had not left so good an impression as a magistrate as was expected. The clerk in particular, did not know what to make of his vacillation. The ideal magistrate is not merciful, or rather over-lenient, one minute and needlessly severe the next.

There was a dinner-party that evening at Onslow House, as the mayor's residence was called. The mayoress was as much puzzled by her husband's gravity on this occasion as the clerk had been by his indecision of the morning. He seemed absent, and courteous only in a mechanical manner.

"Is anything the matter, do you think?" she asked of the Lord Street minister, who, as his Worship's chaplain, had every right to be present.

"I think not, my dear madam," was the minister's reply, with a sapient shake of the head. "Mr. Onslow is only proving a common experience—namely, that temporal greatness, like temporal wealth, felicity, and all else of this earth, are vanity and mere vexation of spirit."

This explanation satisfied the good mayoress. No other explanation would have seemed anything like so much in accordance with the fitness of things.

## II.

ONCE only during Tippling Tim's period of incarceration did Merab Onslow pay a visit to Crab Street Alley. That was on the day after the sentence.

The people of the neighborhood heard Tippling Tim's mother's voice very distinctly on this occasion. Even her oaths reached them—she had never used such bad language before. Never, probably, was the chief officer of a large town so unrestrainedly cursed.

And the mayor bore it all without retort.

"I did it for the best. We will see how it works with him," he said quietly.

"Works with him!" shrieked the woman in rejoinder. Then followed a deal of local Billingsgate, which seemed

to turn his Worship's blood to vinegar. While the woman blasphemed, Merab studied her face. It seemed impossible to believe she had ever been beautiful enough to — to —

But there! such ruminations had little profit in them.

"Works with him!" cried the woman, with a tigerish sarcasm. "It'll make a devil of him — that's what it'll do. You don't know your own son — your only son, as you're so fond of calling him — a millionth part as I do. Fine ale you've brewed, Merab Onslow, and he'll let you see it!"

The mayor recalled the lad's expression when he was led out of the court after the revised sentence. He shuddered all through as he turned the door handle, and repeated, "I did it for the best, Kate; God knows I did!"

When he was gone, the woman snatched up the ten-pound note he had left her, crumpled it in her palm, and seemed about to throw it on the fire. But her mood changed. She smoothed it out again, and finally put it between the leaves of a large illustrated Bible that she used as a stand for a sickly geranium and a fuchsia.

"He shall make up for it when he comes out, poor darling!" she murmured. Her teeth showed like those of an excited wild beast when Merab Onslow recurred to her mind as an after-thought.

The next three weeks was a busy time for the mayor. He opened two bazaars, laid the foundation of a Little Bethel, attended a meeting of provincial mayors at the London Mansion House, presided at two civic banquets, kicked off the ball at football matches to oblige the committee of the local team, and was not behindhand in the town's business or in those lesser social duties which were required of a man in his exalted station.

Also he visited his son in prison.

This was his most bitter experience. The youth was sullen as he had never yet been. To all the mayor's kindly advice, exhortations, and even pleading he made no answer, unless the

words, "You'll see" could be taken as one. He sat picking at oakum, and only raised his face to his father to lower it again, with an expression of unwonted determination upon his lips. It was remarkable how like Merab he had become now that he was perforce kept aloof from the gin that demoralized and brutalized him within and without.

But once did the youth show animation of any kind in Merab's presence. That was when he was asked if he would like to see his mother.

"No!" he shouted, and threw the sticky mass of rope against the cell wall. "Nor you, neither," he added. "There's a pair of you. I wish I hadn't never bin born."

But when this fit of spasmodic passion had spent itself, he said further, with a glacial sneer, as he picked up the oakum, —

"You'll see by and by; you bet you will!"

On the last day of the lad's imprisonment the mayor paid him another visit, and even went on his knees to pray for him. But Tippling Tim was not moved by the situation in the least. He watched his father's lips and listened to the words with a curl at the corner of his mouth.

"To-morrow you will begin a new life," said the mayor, in the tone of a man convinced of the truth of his words. "Forget what has happened, and turn your face to the sunlight of the future. There is nothing I will not do for you, my boy," he continued, apparently not struck by the youth's silence — "nothing — for your soul's good."

But this seemed to rouse his hearer.

"My soul's good!" he exclaimed. "Darn my soul and its good! say I. What good's his soul to a fellow like me?"

The next day Tippling Tim was welcomed by his mother and certain of the neighbors. These latter by no means regarded his imprisonment as a disgrace. On the contrary, it was a downright strong step towards matriculation in the ways of the Crab Street world.



The man, said these worthies, who pays a sovereign to shirk a month's imprisonment is the biggest of flats. He should take his board and lodging as a gift, and have some fun with the sovereign afterwards.

When they were alone, mother and son united to rail against the mayor and his barbarity. The woman did the railing. Tippling Tim only nodded as he fingered the golden sovereigns which his mother had given him, as if to assuage his pangs of humiliation.

"You'll not forget it in a hurry, my darling?" said the inconsiderate woman.

"'Tain't likely!" was the reply. "And now I'll just carry this cropped head o' mine outside a bit. There's a chap I want to see."

"You won't drink anything—say you will not!" cried the woman as she put her hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, all right, mater," he responded, with a grin. His father had taught him the word "mater" when he was a sunny-faced little boy of whom any parent might have been proud. He never used it except when he was in the best of humors.

His mother was satisfied. She shut herself up in the house which had of late been haunted by so many horrid fancies, and, womanlike, began straightway to weave castles of cobweb, all the property of this beloved, reformed son of hers.

The next day, however, as the citizens came in to their work, they were greeted by the shouts of the newspaper boys. "Special edition!" they cried. "'Orrible murder this morning! Arrest of the murderer!"

There was a crowd in Crab Street, and the alley was blocked to its junction with the larger thoroughfare.

Merab Onslow was walking to his office with firm steps when the cries struck upon his ears. He stopped a policeman and asked for more explicit information.

"It's him, your Worship, as they call Tippling Tim."

"Murdered?" gasped the mayor,

falling a step backward, with parted lips and a shocking contortion of the forehead.

"No, sir; he's done it. It's his mother, they say. Is your Worship ill?"

"No, no, my man. I'm quite well, thank you."

Then Merab Onslow walked on. He turned into Crab Street like many others, and was allowed to cut his way through the throng.

"Let me in, Williams," he said authoritatively to the officer outside the house door, who had enough to do to keep the crowd from bursting in.

It was done with a sudden effort, and the door slammed after him.

The woman lay on her bed, with great plaques of congealed blood over her face and on the scalp. Her skull was smashed. A hammer and heavy poker were on the floor, and showed that they had been used for the hideous task.

"He was drunk, of course, sir," said the constable who stood by.

"Oh, of course," echoed the mayor, who then left by the back way.

Tippling Tim was charged with the crime that morning, and again the mayor sat in judgment upon his son. But this time Onslow said not a word. He kept his eyes fixed upon the youth. The latter confessed the murder, and nodded to the mayor afterwards. It was not even necessary to remand him for a day.

"I might ha' been drunk, I might," he said, with absolute coolness; "but I meant to do it before I took a single drop. I'd made up my mind, guv'nor" (looking at the mayor), "first night I slept in prison."

At this Merab Onslow groaned audibly. The clerk looked round, remembered his Worship's indecision in sentencing Tippling Tim at his last conviction, and thought the mayor, with unnecessary sensitiveness, accepted a certain responsibility for the crime just wrought.

"Ten to one he's lying," whispered the clerk.

The lad was then committed to the

assizes and taken back to gaol, followed by the interested gaze of the public. The following day he was transferred to the county town, and on the third day poor Kate Harrison was buried. The mayor attended the funeral. Some thought him absurdly quixotic. Others, however, liked to think of his doing it. He showed something of the ideal spirit that ought to possess the chief magistrate of a town. He identified himself with the sorrows of the lowly even as he rejoiced with the richer of the inhabitants.

It was a windy day, and the snow fell during the interment. Half Crab Street pressed round the grave in the cemetery, and the mayor's tall, whited form stood conspicuous in the crowd.

There was not much chance of an evasion of the capital penalty in Tippling Tim's case. The jury exhibited none of that tenseness of face which sometimes distinguishes the more conscientious jurymen from their fellows. It was a foregone conclusion from the first.

The callous attitude of the felon still further told against him. He was a picture of a dangerous member of society in the initial stage; devoid of scruple and moral or religious belief and restraint of any kind. His mouth, which had been weak before his imprisonment, had grown terribly hard, and his forehead was like his mouth.

And so the judge donned the black cap, and Tippling Tim was sentenced to be hung by the neck till he was dead. The public sighed lightly with relief as the prisoner was led away, quite unmoved. It was not a case that appealed to their sympathies. A woman who killed her little babe ere it well had time to breathe in this life was a wretch; but there might be extenuating circumstances to excite pity on her behalf. But the man, only just a man, who killed his mother was outside the pale of common humanity. The sooner he was hung and buried in quicklime the better for the world.

The mayor had become another man since this ghastly crime. Every one

noticed it, from the Lord Street minister to his wife. The town's business failed to interest him. He absented himself from his civic duties, from the Sunday services at chapel, and from the dinner table at Onslow House. The minister and Mrs. Onslow expostulated gently at this change in him. But he did not attempt to justify himself. He seemed indifferent to everything, including them and the aldermanic concern about him.

Even the town's evening paper began to hint at the acute disappointment his Worship was exciting in the people over whom he ruled municipally. Burgesses who differed from the mayor in politics, religion, and what not wrote letters to the paper on the subject. There were rejoinders or confirmatory letters—both equally humiliating to their subject, and really, as the aldermen said, both very annoying to the Town Council.

The councillors themselves at first tried to rally Onslow into becoming activity and self-assertion. But they got no encouragement from him, and they soon discontinued the thankless task. A feeling of estrangement grew between them and him. When he did occupy the mayoral chair they watched him with curiosity, but without sympathy. They wondered a little into what he was going to develop.

The Lord Street minister's brotherly words were also futile. "Better leave me to myself," said the mayor one day when these were especially vigorous. "What is it the Scotch say about 'dreeing one's own weird'? That is what I have to do. It is a bitter cup, though perhaps wholesome!"

After this the minister left Mr. Onslow to Providence.

The mayoress suffered most of all, though her husband did what he could to abate her distress. His well-meant attempts to throw off his absorption for her sake did not succeed; and they were so cruelly transparent besides.

The mayor took very learned counsel's advice about the possibility of a reprieve for Tippling Tim. But there seemed no chance of it. The youth

could not have played his cards better, said the counsellor, to get himself hung. No British secretary of state would think twice about it.

And so the last scene in Tippling Tim's young life took place.

Those who were present at the execution will not forget it in a hurry.

It was a still, hard day, without a break in the cold, grey canopy of cloud overhead. The outline of the building round the prison yard was cold and grim and altogether forbidding. A single face now and again showed at one of the barred windows to look down at the little assemblage in the yard, with the scaffold in their midst. It was the face of a warder pacing up and down a corridor. The bell tolled. It needed faith to believe in the existence of mercy and loving-kindness at such a time.

Merab Onslow was present and stood by the prison doctor. He carried a stone face, deeply furrowed. The governor of the prison wondered what on earth had made him wish to see the lad hung, and how he had summoned up the necessary fortitude to journey thirty-five miles so early on a January day for such a spectacle.

The lad stepped into the yard, strapped and bound, and the chaplain's words from the Burial Service struck upon the ears of the spectators. The executioner walked jauntily, as if he realized his importance of the moment; but he had a fit of coughing which he did not coerce, and which much annoyed the chaplain. Tippling Tim did not seem curious about anything except the scaffold. His eyes were drawn to it the instant it was in sight, and there they stayed. Only when, with commendable celerity, he was being placed on the trap, did he look elsewhere. Then he saw his father.

At the same moment the mayor, with a cry that thrilled the bystanders, stumbled across the yard, and put his arms about the felon.

"Forgive me, my son!" he wailed.

The chaplain paused, and even the executioner seemed astonished. But

the latter, with a look towards the governor, who nodded, immediately afterwards advanced with the white cap.

Tippling Tim and his father saw it at the same moment. The former shook himself free of his father.

"I told you," he said, with extraordinary composure, "that you'd see what I'd do. That's all I've got to say to you, guv'nor. I'm old Jack Ketch's, I am!"

A wintry smile was on the youth's lips, and stayed there even when the cap was adjusted, the bolt had been drawn, and the death thud had sounded.

The mayor turned and left the prison. He was seen no more in his town after that day. For a week the Town Council tolerated his absence uncomplainingly. Then they called upon the ex-mayor to supersede him.

Merab Onslow's disappearance is not yet fully accounted for. His wife still lives in hope of seeing him return to Onslow House.

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From *The Fortnightly Review*.

THE CRIMEA IN 1854 AND 1894.

BY GENERAL SIR EVELYN WOOD,  
G.C.B., V.C.

#### PART II.

IN describing the so-called upland, I stated that its eastern boundary is terminated by a wall-like cliff, which, after running for six miles north and south from the head of the harbor of Sevastopol, then trends away to the south-west, passing to the sea cliffs a mile to the north of Balaklava.

The scene of the two cavalry charges I am about to briefly describe, lies between the Tchernaya River and the village of Kadikoi, which stands a mile north of the harbor. The plain of Balaklava, bounded on the north by the Tchernaya and on the south by the hills around the harbor, is intersected into two parts by a ridge or chain of low hills, down which is led the Woronzow Road, which passes generally four thousand yards to the north of Balaklava, and about two miles to the south

of the Tchernaya. These hills, called by us the Causeway Heights, stand well above the plain, and divide it into two parts, which, for the purpose of description, may be termed the Northern and Southern Valleys; <sup>1</sup> neither has much breadth, and the Northern Valley is narrowed in by a clump of hills called the Fedioukine Heights, abutting on the river. It was on the southern slope of the Causeway Heights that the charge of the Heavy Cavalry Brigade took place, and in the valley lying between the Fedioukine Heights and the Causeway, that the Light Brigade immortalized itself. The surface of both valleys affords perfect ground for cavalry manœuvres. On the Causeway Heights were five slight earthworks, and there was a sixth on a circular hill (called Canrobert's), which stands a little to the southward of the ridge. It had three 12-pound iron guns, and there were two in each of the three works furthest to the eastward. These so-called redoubts, unworthy of the name, being, as Hanley says, surmountable by a man on a donkey, stretched over two miles. They were occupied by Turks; a battalion in No. 1, or Canrobert's, and half a battalion in the others.

On the evening of the 24th October, Rustem Pasha, the brigadier-general in command of the Turkish contingent, sent in news of an impending attack, and stated to within two thousand men the number of Russians acting under Liprandi's orders, who had been concentrating for fifteen days near Tchorgoum. As there had been already more than one false alarm, Lord Raglan contented himself with asking for an immediate report of any further news, and no extra precautions were taken.

While the troopers of the Cavalry Division were "standing to their horses" before daylight on the 25th, the Turks opened fire on the advancing Russians. Liprandi brought thirty guns into action against redoubts Nos. 1 and 2, being answered by five 12-

pounders, and two batteries which, escorted by the Scots Greys, came into action on the Causeway Heights. The three 12-pounders in No. 1 redoubt were soon silenced, but the battalion of five hundred Moslems stood fast, undauntedly awaiting the attack of five battalions, which were closely supported by six others; at 7.30 A.M., however, the redoubt was carried, the Turks leaving one hundred and seventy dead in it. When the Turks in redoubts Nos. 2, 3, and 4 saw their comrades in No. 1 overwhelmed without the British cavalry coming to their assistance, and that the nearest British battalion was three thousand yards away, they fled, carrying off most of their camp equipment, with which they streamed across the plain towards Balaklava; some were sabred in this retreat. The British Cavalry Division fell back to the north of No. 6 redoubt, with its back to the wall-like cliff of the upland.

General Liprandi having got possession of redoubts Nos. 1, 2, and 3, remained inactive for a long time, but eventually sent a large body of cavalry up the Northern Valley, and as it came on, four squadrons, separating from the mass, moved away to the south-west to attack a park of artillery, which the Russians imagined to be near Kadikoi. Any such intention, however, was immediately abandoned on the receipt of a distant and nearly innocuous fire from the 93rd Highlanders formed in line on rising ground outside Kadikoi.

While the Russian cavalry was moving up the Northern Valley, General Scarlett, with eight squadrons, sent by the divisional cavalry general to support the 93rd, was moving down the Southern Valley. Our cavalry had been halted on low ground, and forgetful of the lessons of the Peninsula, had no scouts on the Causeway Heights, and were thus unaware of the movement of the Russian cavalry; nor were the eight squadrons then going southwards, in the Southern Valley, parallel to and about eight hundred yards from the ridge, protected by any flankers, which should have pushed along the

<sup>1</sup> Strictly speaking, the Causeway Heights run from W.N.W. to E.S.E.

Causeway Heights, as far as the Russian skirmishers would allow them to approach. The Russians also moved without scouts or flankers, and thus neither of the cavalry generals, soon to be in close personal conflict, was aware of the movements of his adversary.

When the Russian cavalry came within range of the heavy guns on the upland, two or three shots were fired, which caused the whole force to wheel to its left, and it crossed the Causeway Heights.

Our Light Brigade having just moved a short distance southwards, was at this moment facing north-east, and the Russian cavalry disregarding it passed obliquely across its front. As the eight squadrons of the Heavy Brigade, moving towards the 93rd, posted near Kadikoi, passed the Light Brigade camp, the general's aide-de-camp, chancing to turn his head towards the Causeway Heights, caught sight of the lance flags in the Russian column. Scarlett immediately gave the order "Left wheel into line," but the order was executed by only one squadron of Inniskillings and two squadrons of the Greys, the other five squadrons having passed on the Balaklava side of a vineyard. Having wheeled into line, the three squadrons moved a short distance to their right to give room for the 5th Dragoon Guards, which the general intended should come up on the left of the Greys.

There is considerable discrepancy in the figures stating the Russian strength, but no Russian accounts have made it less than twenty-three hundred, and from the balance of evidence it seems clear that the Russians had nearly three thousand horsemen present.

By the time that the three leading squadrons of Scarlett's command had again wheeled into line, the Russians, advancing at a walk, had lessened the intervening space, which, at the moment Scarlett moved forward, was about four hundred yards. Both the divisional general and Scarlett had become very impatient to get the three squadrons in motion before the Russians should increase their pace. The

advance was sounded repeatedly, but it was difficult to induce the commanding officers to move until the line had been accurately *dressed* with markers out in front. At last, however, the squadrons got into motion, and although a portion was incommoded by the camp equipment of the Light Brigade lying on the ground over which they passed, a fair pace was attained before our men, led by Scarlett, who was himself fifty yards in front of all, rode into the Russians who had halted. When the three squadrons dashed into the Russian ranks, they appeared to spectators on the upland to be engulfed, so greatly were they outflanked on either hand by the enemy, but our men gradually hacked their way through the Russian masses, and considering the enormous disparity of numbers, with singularly little loss.

As the squadrons entered the centre of the Russian mass the outside squadrons from either flank changed front inwards, in order to surround our dragoons. While this manœuvre was being executed the Russian wings were ridden into by the remainder of the brigade, which in many cases struck into the rear rank of the foe. Just as Scarlett charged, three heavy guns, firing from the upland, struck the rear of the Russian mass, rendering it unsteady, and within ten minutes of the collision the whole of the Russian horsemen were galloping at speed over the Causeway Heights whence they had come.

During this time, about eight or ten minutes, the Light Brigade remained motionless. It saw the Heavy Brigade, five hundred yards off, incurring the danger of being overwhelmed, but was not permitted by its commander to move a step forward to Scarlett's assistance.

Its brigadier believed the general commanding the division had given him orders that he was to defend the position on which he then stood against any attack, but on no account to leave it. The general, on the contrary, asserted that his orders to the brigadier were: "Attack anything and every-



thing that shall come within reach of you."

Behind the brigadier sat an officer in command of the 17th Lancers, Captain Morris, who had seen much service in India. He was short in stature but powerfully made, being forty-three inches round the chest, and was affectionately termed by his brother officers "the pocket Hercules." During the Punjab campaign, while yet a youthful cornet, he engaged in single combat a horseman who, careering in front, challenged the 16th Lancers, and, after an exciting struggle, killed the man. After Morris's service in India he passed through the Staff College (senior department) and there was no cavalry officer on the ground with wider experience. I went to India with him in 1857, and kept house for him for several months, and he often told me that he repeatedly urged the brigadier to attack the rear of the Russian mass as soon as it was committed to a fight with our Heavy Brigade; and on his declining to do so begged that the two squadrons of the 17th Lancers, then under his command, might be permitted to fall on the rear of the wavering mass. It is true that the brigadier denied that any such request had been made, but I am satisfied that he was mistaken and honestly, for although not popular, he was never accused of wilful misstatements. Moreover, Morris put it officially on record at the time in a letter to the adjutant-general. Morris's evidence is the more convincing because when many were running down his brigadier for having retired prematurely from the struggle in the Northern Valley, Morris, who was well qualified to judge, emphatically asserted that "He led like a gentleman."

The Naval Brigade sent doctors down to attend to the wounded, and they described to us that evening the effect of some of the sword cuts inflicted by our heavy dragoons on the heads of the Russians as appalling; in some cases the headdress and skull being divided down to the chin. The edge of the sword was used, for the great-coats

worn by the Russians were difficult to pierce with the point.

In those days our men were taught the sword exercise with great regard for regularity, each cut being followed in correct sequence by its corresponding guard. A doctor, dressing a wound in one of our men's head, asked, "And how came you to get this ugly cut?" The trooper replied with much warmth, "I had just cut 5<sup>1</sup> at a Russian, and the damned fool never guarded at all but hit me over the head!" Few Russians had made any attempt to sharpen their swords. Many of our men survived after receiving an incredible number of cuts, and a private of the 4th Dragoon Guards had fifteen cuts on his head, none of which were more than skin deep. This and the faulty leading of the Russian officers account for the very slight loss incurred by the Heavy Brigade, seventy-eight killed and wounded.

I have already mentioned the inopportune precision of *dressing*, the want of flexibility of our cavalry in this action, and the neglect of all precautions for security either when halted, or when moving to a flank. During the last four years we have seen on the Berkshire Downs all the regiments which behaved so grandly under Scarlett forty years ago, and on the 18th September, 1894, with other spectators I saw at our manœuvres a regiment cross the front of a hostile brigade at a gallop, and, having gained the flank, wheel into line without checking the pace, and advance to the attack. This was not one of Scarlett's brigade, but all regiments, in spite of the want of sufficient manœuvre ground, have improved in many ways to a remarkable degree. The improvement is the more creditable to our officers, since even at Aldershot and the Curragh, which are the only stations admitting of brigade drill, the space is too limited to admit of cavalry manœuvres. Our men can manœuvre quicker, they understand "detached duties" better than for-

<sup>1</sup> A body cut.

merly, but no cavalry in the world can ever surpass their predecessors in that astonishing courage and self-confidence which carried three hundred men hurtling into the midst of three thousand.

Although I did not see the Light Brigade charge, of which no Briton can think without a quickened feeling in his heart, yet having enjoyed exceptional opportunities of associating with some of the most prominent actors in that dramatic scene, I venture to suggest that the chivalrous errors, which, if they did not induce the charge, yet contributed to the heavy loss, cannot justly be attributed to only one or two men.

The two leading regiments were the 13th Light Dragoons and the 17th Lancers. I joined the former before the end of the war, and the latter in the time of the Sepoy Mutiny, and thus had many opportunities of hearing at first hand not only the incidents of that glorious half hour, but also of the events of the previous six months.

When the army went to the east, our cavalry officers held a very high opinion of the possibilities of their arm, combined with little knowledge, and a lesser opinion, of the value of the other branches of the service. Mr. Punch, who often hits off in a picture the prevailing thoughts of the day, had a very clever sketch in a number which reached our army at Varna, shortly before the troops embarked. Scene—Camp in Bulgaria. Two cavalry officers greeting. "Oh, Fwed, have you heard? They say now the infantry are to accompany us to the Crimea!"

When, therefore, eleven hundred sabres looked on while the infantry stormed the heights overlooking Bourliouk on the Alma, the irritation amongst the ardent horsemen was intense. The general<sup>1</sup> who was supposed to have Lord Raglan's ear at this time, wrote on the 26th October, "There has been much dissatisfaction expressed (whether right or wrong) at

the way in which our cavalry has been managed, even the cavalry officers themselves considering it has not been forward enough."

The Light Brigade had an hour or two previously been looking on while their comrades achieved one of the most brilliant cavalry victories recorded, and officers were naturally eager to emulate such a deed. This state of feeling explains, to a certain extent, how proud, brave leaders, with no knowledge of war, were easily led into attempting to execute an order of which they disapproved, especially when the senior had been irritated by what he considered to be an insubordinately expressed suggestion of a head-quarter aide-de-camp.

The divisional cavalry leader on receipt of the order brought by Captain Nolan freely criticised Lord Raglan's instructions, and this probably did not render Captain Nolan more respectful. He had brought the following order, reiterating a somewhat similar command sent down previously. "Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns; troop of horse artillery may accompany. The French cavalry is on your left. Immediate."

From where the divisional general received this order, i.e., on the southern slope of the Causeway Heights, no Russians were visible, and he asked sharply, "Attack, sir! attack what guns?" The general considered that Nolan replied in an insulting tone as he pointed in an easterly direction, "There, my lord, is your enemy, and there are your guns."

As Mr. Kinglake justly observes, whichever way Captain Nolan pointed, the difference in the angle from the captured English guns on the Causeway Heights, which Lord Raglan thought the Russians were about to remove, and the battery of Russian guns in the Northern Valley, behind which the defeated Russian cavalry had retreated and were then standing, was only twenty degrees.

A fuller consideration of the order

<sup>1</sup> It is remarkable he does not seem to have been aware of the views Mr. Kinglake attributed to Lord Raglan as to holding the cavalry in reserve, "I will keep my cavalry in a bandbox."

would have shown a more experienced commander that Lord Raglan could not have intended the cavalry brigade to go down the Northern Valley, since the previous instructions, to which I have referred, ran thus: "Cavalry to advance and take advantage of any opportunity to recover the heights;" but our cavalry leaders were unused to war, and its attendant difficult problems.

When the general rode across the Causeway Heights, to where his brigadier then sat looking down the Northern Valley, and imparted to him the order, there was a further misunderstanding, for he considered that his command in the charge was to be limited to the 13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers. This view was not altogether unreasonable, for the divisional general, against the brigadier's will, moved back the 11th Hussars into the second line. The formation in which the five regiments, consisting of ten and one-half squadrons (the 8th Hussars had half a squadron at headquarters), moved down the valley, was as follows: 13th Light Dragoons, 17th Lancers; 2nd line, 11th Hussars, 4th Light Dragoons, some way behind but which were intended to come up alongside the 11th Hussars; 8th Hussars in 3rd line. The brigade moved forward at the trot. Shortly after it advanced, Captain Nolan was seen galloping across the front, shouting, and pointing to the Causeway Heights with his sword. The brigadier, not realizing what Nolan was endeavoring to convey, regarded this as an unwarrantable interference with the direction of the brigade; and Nolan was unable to give any further information, for the first shell, bursting just in front of his horse, tore away part of the brave Hussar's chest. His horse turning, went back, the dead body remaining for some distance erect in the saddle.

After the brigade had been five minutes in motion, it was fired on from batteries and riflemen on the Fedioukine Heights, and also from batteries and riflemen on the eastern slope of the Causeway Heights. It then came

under the direct fire of twelve guns in its front. A steady gallop was maintained, until what remained of the four squadrons got near the guns, when the pace was increased to an estimated seventeen miles an hour, and our men, galloping through the battery, went headlong into the Russian cavalry, which, repeating the mistake made in the Southern Valley, remained at the halt, until the men turned their backs before the handful of British soldiers. The 4th Light Dragoons got up to within thirty yards of the 11th Hussars, and on reaching the battery through which the 13th and 17th had passed, found the Russians endeavoring to carry away their guns. The 4th remained some minutes attempting to defeat this object, and began to send back some of the guns before going forward to pick up the remnants of the four leading squadrons.

The right squadron of the 11th Hussars only touched the right of the Russian battery, and passing on charged some Russians who stood at the halt till just before the collision, and then retired. The 8th Hussars, after suffering heavily from fire, brought up their left shoulders, and eventually charged facing the direction in which they had come, with the same success that had attended all the other encounters, the Russians giving way easily when attacked.

Meanwhile the 4th regiment Chasseurs d'Afrique, moving to the northern end of the Fedioukine Heights, got on the flank of the Russian batteries thereon, and so effectively silenced them that the survivors of the Light Brigade were not inconvenienced in their retreat by the fire of guns on that side.

The Heavy Brigade was moved forward on the northern slope of the Causeway Heights until it came under effective fire; but eventually, the divisional general considering that to keep it in this forward position would be to incur useless loss, he retired, and practically comparatively little damage was done to the survivors of the Light Brigade in their retreat.

Nevertheless, the losses were great. Out of six hundred and seventy-three of all ranks who rode down the valley, only one hundred and ninety-five rode back. There were one hundred and thirty killed, one hundred and thirty-four wounded, and fifteen prisoners, the balance being dismounted, for out of the six hundred and seventy-three horses, four hundred and seventy-five were killed and forty-two wounded.

The havoc and confusion wrought amongst the Russian troops are indescribable, and this accounts for the number of our dismounted men who escaped. Several individuals of the leading squadrons dashed on to the banks of the Tchernaya, one officer killing in succession, near the river, the wheel, centre, and lead drivers of a gun which the Russians were endeavoring to carry off.

Lieutenant Percy Smith, 13th Light Dragoons, from an accident to his right hand, carried merely a dummy sword in the scabbard. While leading his men on the far side of the Russian battery, a Russian soldier, perceiving he had no sword, galloped up alongside, and resting his carbine on the left arm, pressed the muzzle close to Smith's body as the two horsemen galloped, locked together. Smith presently, finding the suspense intolerable, struck at the Russian's face with the maimed hand, and the carbine going off, the bullet passed over Smith's head, the Russian then leaving him alone.

Captain Morris, of the 17th Lancers, terribly wounded, gave up his sword to a Russian officer, who shortly afterwards, being driven from his side, left Morris alone, and he nearly fell a victim to the cupidity of some Cossacks. From them and others, however, he escaped, and eventually, with great difficulty, got back, up the valley, till he fell insensible close to the dead body of his friend Nolan.

Lieutenant Sir William Gordon, who greatly distinguished himself in personal combats in central India in 1858, is still an active man, although the doctors said, on the 25th October, he was "their only patient with his head

off," so terribly had he been hacked by a crowd of Russians into which he penetrated. He used to make little of his escape, but we learnt that after being knocked out of the saddle he lay on his horse's neck, trying to keep the blood from his eyes. Eventually, without sword or pistol, he turned back, and, unable to regain his stirrups although a perfect horseman,<sup>1</sup> rode at a walk up the valley. He found between himself and our Heavy Brigade a regiment of Russian cavalry facing up the valley. He was now joined by two or three men, and he made for the squadron interval. The nearest Russians, hearing him approach, looked back and by closing outwards to bar his passage, left sufficient opening in the squadron, through which Gordon passed at a canter. He was followed, and summoned to surrender, and refusing, would have been cut down, had not his pursuer been shot.

Most lovers of art have admired Miss Elizabeth Thompson's power in depicting the frenzied expression of the Hussar's eye in her picture, "*Balaklava*." I have seen many such faces, but carnage does not so affect all men, and we know that a cornet, rich in worldly possessions, whose horse was killed well down in the valley near the guns, kept his head, and extricating the saddle, carried it back into camp on his head.

The Light Brigade charge—albeit the Russian battery was wrecked, the Russian cavalry driven off the field, and the Russian infantry induced to fall back in squares—was nevertheless a glorious failure, since we left the Russians in possession of the three redoubts and our 12-pounder guns. The charge of the Heavy Brigade was an astounding success. But the terrible loss incurred by Light Brigade squadrons, and the glamour thrown over their wild ride by the impressive verses of the laureate, entirely blinded the public as to the material military success attained by the two exploits.

<sup>1</sup> Within a few months of joining as a recruit, he trained and rode his hunter, winning the regimental challenge cup.

The feelings of our countrymen are seldom moved except by incidents in which there is severe loss of life, and thus the determined gallantry shown in the attack of the three leading squadrons of the Heavy Brigade has remained comparatively unappreciated.

Those who balance loss and gain by restricting their consideration to one day only, scarcely allow that anything was achieved by the Light Brigade on the 25th October. If we accept, however, Lord Raglan's primary error of launching cavalry unsupported by infantry to the attack of twenty thousand men in position, the subsequent misunderstanding of the order, and indeed every criticism that has been made on the charge, yet it cannot be doubted its memories will inspire our children with a desire to emulate the courage of their predecessors, and our foes with the uneasy feeling with which the bravest of our soldiers in India regard the approach of Ghazis who have made up their minds indeed to go into the next world, but only in company with some of those in their front.

Although General Bosquet accurately characterized the charge as "magnificent, but not war," yet the impression it created on our allies was clearly shown later by the unbounded importance General Canrobert attached to the Light Brigade supporting his troops at Inkerman.

Distance and expense must militate against officers in ordinary circumstances visiting this historical valley, but though the luxuriant grass and wild flowers which adorned it in spring forty years ago have now disappeared, being replaced by cultivation, yet its shape cannot alter, and to the end of time, any one interested in the deeds of our army, by standing on the edge of the upland, will have no difficulty in tracing the course of those who, it may be truly said, in devoted obedience to orders "rushed to glory or the grave."

I spent the night of the 25th October in the trenches, and having returned to camp at daylight, enjoyed on the 26th a distant but clear view of the sortie

by the Russians while they were on the Inkerman crest, distant from our parade ground about twenty-five hundred yards. At 1 P.M. I was loitering outside our camp when rapid firing commenced near the 2nd Division; bugles now chorussed in the camps on either side, and the Naval Brigade fell in and looked to the ammunition. Soon a battery of artillery passed near our camp—the teams stretched down and every driver *riding* his horse; what impressed me, so that I have never forgotten it, was the set, determined look on the faces of the men: not an eye was turned to the right or left, as the guns swept past—and no one seemed to notice the little bank and surface drain on either side of a road (existing then as it does now), which sent the guns jumping up in the air. In silence we watched the battery speed on, until from where we were standing, they seemed to unlimber within hands-shaking distance of the Russians, who a few minutes later began to fall back before our rapidly increasing numbers.

The fighting on the high ground at Inkerman was soon over, the Russians being easily repulsed. It gave, however, a chance of distinction to my friend W. N. W. Hewett,<sup>1</sup> of H.M.S. Beagle, and he eagerly seized it, winning the most coveted decoration in the world. Between the nights of the 8th and 10th October, a battery had been thrown up on the ridge, about half a mile in front of where, much later in the siege, the Victoria redoubt stood, and now stands. It was in the first instance built for five guns, and made such good practice at the Malakoff two thousand yards distant, and the ships in the Careenage creek, twenty-five hundred yards distant, that the Russians called it the five-eye battery; but before the 26th, four guns had been removed. The official naval account states that the officer commanding some infantry further back, sent an order to Mr. Hewett to spike his gun and retire, and that he refused, politely urging

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Admiral Sir W. Hewett, V.C.



that the commodore would never have sent such an order. This account also states that some soldiers helped to cut down the parapet to enable the gun to be fired to the flank. The difference is not material, but I prefer to follow our sailor's unofficial version, which I believe to be accurate.

When the Russians were seen on the Inkerman crest, and were observed emerging from the Careenage Ravine and approaching the battery, a message was sent to Mr. Hewett to spike his gun and retire. This order was delivered at a critical moment. Hewett had been firing at and keeping back some of the enemy who attempted to approach on the ridge in his right front, but now one or more companies which had ascended the Careenage Ravine out of sight of the battery, were advancing by, and had got within two hundred yards of the right flank of the battery. The gun could not be trained to reach them as the embrasure confined its "field" of fire, but Hewett was quick of resource, and after one more round, as the gun was being reloaded, he gave the word, "Four handspikes muzzle to the right,"<sup>1</sup> and trained the gun so that its muzzle rested against the earthen flank wall of his battery. Turning to the messenger who was repeating the order, he shouted, "Retire! — retire be damned! — Fire!" and a mass of earth, stones, and gabions was driven by the projectile and sixteen pounds of powder into the faces of the victory-shouting Russians, who, struck by this wide-spreading extemporized shell, fell back discomfited. Our infantry pursued them, being led on most gallantly by one officer, the only man just then in red, the others wearing great-coats.

The Russians, in their attack made by six thousand men on the 2nd Division, lost two hundred and fifty men, and eighty prisoners were taken by our soldiers in the pursuit, which was pushed to the end of the ridge opposite the Malakoff. The enemy had intended to hold and entrench the high

ground we called Shell Hill, which stands thirty feet below, and twelve hundred yards north of the Inkerman crest.

My Relief breakfasted at 2.30 A.M. on the 5th November, and marched off to battery at 3 A.M. It had been raining heavily during the night, and was still drizzling at dawn. There was a fog, which, though dense in the valleys, lifted occasionally on the hills. We could hear plainly the bells ringing in the city at 4 A.M., and some said they could hear the rumble of artillery wheels.

We were now about to pay, not for what was hastily termed "procrastination" in our leaders, and "indolence" in our men, but rather from our countrymen's incapacity to understand that even British soldiers may be too severely tried in tasks assigned to them. The army may well forgive this erroneous opinion I have quoted, for it was based on imperfect knowledge, and he who wrote it, by telling the story of our men's sufferings to the public, saved the remnant of our army. The *Times*, more than half a century ago, by rescuing the principal bankers of Europe from pecuniary losses, gained greater honors than have ever before or since been paid to any newspaper. These services were, however, but trifles compared to what their agent, the first of war correspondents, effected for our troops during the painful scenes I shall describe in a further article. Custom, and an acquired sentiment of reticence under privations, tied the tongues and pens of our chiefs. William Howard Russell dared to tell his employers, and through them all English-speaking peoples, that our little army was perishing from want of proper food and clothing. He probably made mistakes, as his statements, often hurriedly written, were necessarily based on incomplete information. He incurred much enmity, but few unprejudiced men who were in the Crimea will now attempt to call in question the fact that, by awakening the conscience of the British nation to

<sup>1</sup> In Artillery language, "Trall left."



the sufferings of its troops, he saved the remnant of those grand battalions we landed in September.

The failure to intrench at Inkerman was caused by our having engaged in an enterprise entirely beyond our powers, which the reflex action of public opinion from England would not allow us to abandon, even if our leaders had been willing to do so. The general officers commanding not only the 2nd Division, but others, had pointed out the expediency of fortifying the Inkerman position, and the engineers pressed continually for "more working parties," "more covering parties," and "that the Mamelon should be occupied."

All these measures were most desirable, but Lord Raglan must have felt how impossible it was for him to avail himself of a tenth part of the advice pressed on his notice, for on the 25th October (Balaklava day) Sir George Brown reported, "at daylight instead of having any one in camp for the defence of the position, we (the Light Division) shall be short of troops to relieve picquets;" and a few days later, but prior to Inkerman, the general officer who had been urging the intrenchment of that hill, wrote, "I have but six hundred men on this front position. The troops are completely worn out with fatigue. This is serious." Yet the Mamelon, on the occupation of which the engineers were insisting, was three thousand yards further in advance, and only six hundred yards from the Malakoff! So Lord Raglan could only trust in Providence, in his own stoical, courageous nature, and the, as yet, unconquerable fighting qualities of our soldiers.

On the crest of Inkerman there were a few yards of breastwork thrown up by a party of the 2nd Division, and some gunners. It was, however, of no great value in the memorable defence of those blood-stained slopes, except perhaps in defining a line of resistance. The Sandbag battery, round which the Russians and English struggled so desperately, had no guns in it, they having been removed after they had crushed

an opposing battery which the Russians erected on the real Inkerman heights, north of the Tchernaya River, for the hills we call Inkerman have no name. The position of the Sandbag battery was, however, of tactical value, for immediately below it the ground falls rapidly for forty yards, and then becomes almost precipitous to the Tchernaya Valley. This ledge therefore was important as affording a foothold to assailants or defenders, and both sides held it alternately. The battery stood at the north-east shoulder of what Mr. Kinglake terms, the "Fore ridge of the Inkerman Crest." This crest line runs east and west, and is nearly level for half a mile, being bisected into two equal parts by the road, which comes up from the head of the harbor through the Quarry Ravine, and the road, as it emerges on the open ground, runs nearly north and south. At about four hundred yards from the road as it passes over the crest, the ground falls rapidly to either side. To the west it descends to a branch of the Careenage Ravine, and to the east it sinks to the steep edge of the upland overlooking the Tchernaya Valley. The "Fore ridge" runs four hundred yards to the north of the crest, and to the east of the road, with a gentle upward slope of one in sixty from the crest to the northward, equal to a rise of twenty feet. Then from the north end of the Fore ridge the ground falls for three hundred yards, one in ten, and at this lower point is the ledge on which the Sandbag battery stands.

From the crest line of our position the ground falls gently for four hundred yards northwards to the head of the Quarry Ravine, up which the Post Road is engineered, rising six hundred feet from the valley in curves to obtain gradients possible for loaded vehicles. The Sandbag battery stands five hundred yards east of the head of this ravine, but out of sight of travellers emerging from it, being hidden by the spine of the Fore ridge, and at two hundred and fifty yards, or half-way, the head of a lesser ravine juts in, thus rendering difficult any advance by a

formed line from north to south.<sup>1</sup> Westwards of the Post Road exit from the Quarry Ravine the ground is fairly level for three hundred yards, when it falls into another branch of the Careenage Ravine, distinct from that which bounds the crest line on its western side.

From about the head of the Quarry Ravine the ground rises gently to the northward for eight hundred yards, where, on the highest part, called by us Shell Hill, there is still (1894) a redoubt, erected in the spring of 1855. It is thirty feet below the crest of the English position. On either side of Shell Hill spurs run out, sloping down to either side, but not so steeply but that they afforded the Russian guns a frontage on a north-east south-west line of three-quarters of a mile. When the infantry advanced, however, its front was narrowed to the three or four hundred yards lying between the branch of the Careenage Ravine and the Post Road; and to get to the eastward the Russian troops must either have crossed the Quarry Ravine, or have moved to a flank under close fire. All the ground was covered by low coppice of stunted oaks, and except where it was nearly level, by large boulders of crags. Where there were no stones, the ground was wet and muddy, and all these conditions made movements of troops in close formation difficult.<sup>2</sup>

The Russian arrangements were bad in all respects. The attack was undertaken against the advice of the admirals and generals, under pressure from the grand dukes, who had recently arrived in the city. General Soimonoff was to lead nineteen thousand infantry and thirty-eight guns up the Inkerman ridge to what we called Shell Hill, from which he was to assault in concert with General Pauloff, who was to lead sixteen thousand infantry and ninety-six guns across the harbor head and up

to the high ground, some by a ravine north of Shell Hill, and some by the Quarry Ravine, a climb of six hundred feet; while Gortschakoff, who had replaced Liprandi outside Balaklava was to seize a corner of the upland. When the forces joined, General Dannenberg was to assume command of Soimonoff and Pauloff's armies. Neither he nor Menschikoff knew that the Careenage Ravine is absolutely precipitous at its northern end, and for some way up, and Dannenberg issued orders on the supposition that troops could cross from ridge to ridge without difficulty. Soimonoff showed his draft of orders to Menschikoff, who approved, although he had previously approved those issued by Dannenberg, and the prince left the matter of the line of advance undecided.

Mr. Kinglake has with infinite trouble disentangled by "Periods" the conflicting stories of this confused struggle, but for the purpose of this condensed account I prefer to divide the battle roughly into five attacks.

#### FIRST ATTACK.

GENERAL SOIMONOFF moved from the city at 2 A.M., and crossing the very difficult defile of the Careenage Ravine, got into position before daylight. He did not wait for Dannenberg, or communicate with Pauloff, but, as soon as his gunners could see, opened fire with heavy guns of position from Shell Hill against our picquets on the crest, the overshots destroying many of the 2nd Division tents pitched on the southern slope of the crest. Soimonoff halted his infantry on the neck of land, four hundred yards wide, which is bounded on the east by the upper end of the Quarry Ravine, and on the west by the glen leading down into the Careenage Ravine, while his guns played on our crest, crushing the 2nd Division battery on the east of the road, but failing to silence that on the west side. Behind and about the crest were three thousand men of the 2nd Division; and half a mile further south, the Guards thirteen hundred strong. The Right Brigade Light Di-

<sup>1</sup> Visitors may readily find the battery, which still (1894) exists, by walking from the head of the ravine so as to avoid, but pass close to, the intervening lesser ravine.

<sup>2</sup> The coppice, then low on the crest, is now (August, 1894) from seven feet to nine feet high, and is growing thicker.

vision, fourteen hundred men, was a mile and a half to the westward, and the 4th Division two and a half miles to the westward. Bosquet's two divisions were from two to three miles distant, guarding the southern and eastern cliff of the upland, against Gortschakoff.

Soimonoff, after a short cannonade, sent on his infantry, formed in columns, in echelon from his right. Some columns were composed of an entire battalion; others of the four companies in which the Russian infantry is organized. All got broken up by the low trees, and dissolved into crowds of men; the leading battalion, outstripping the others, was assailed by a wing of the 49th Regiment, and repulsed, carrying back its supporting battalions.

#### SECOND ATTACK.

SOIMONOFF then personally led on twelve battalions, numbering nine thousand men, in the same formation, but this time his attack, six battalions moving on either side of the Post Road, fell on our centre as well as our left; he had some success, driving back a battalion and taking three of our guns.

A column of Russian sailors had marched up the Careenage Ravine, the roadway of which is scarcely wide enough for "fours," and surrounding a picquet in the fog, nearly reached the 2nd Division Camp, but a detachment from the Light Division, in coming up, crossed the column from the westward just as a company of Guards smote it from the eastern side of the ravine, and it hurried back to Sevastopol.

Meanwhile, Soimonoff's attack had been vigorously met in counter attacks by detachments of the 47th, 49th, and 77th Regiments. Soimonoff was killed, our three guns were recovered, and the six battalions which had advanced against our centre were driven back. The other Russian battalions, on seeing this repulse of their comrades, followed them in the retreat.

#### THIRD ATTACK.

WHILE Soimonoff was personally leading on his men, Pauloff's force

came into action. He had sent on his leading eight battalions with one which had strayed from Soimonoff, across the Quarry Ravine. They stretched from the Post Road in the Quarry Ravine to the Sandbag battery, a frontage of five hundred yards. A wing of the 30th Regiment, two hundred strong, and the 41st Regiment, five hundred and twenty strong, in extended order, enumerating from west to east, ran at these masses and routed them, and by 8 A.M. four thousand of our men had repulsed over fifteen thousand Russians.

#### FOURTH ATTACK.

GENERAL DANNENBERG now arrived. Omitting all consideration of Soimonoff's men already engaged, who, being demoralized by their terrible losses, especially in officers, were sent to the rear, Dannenberg had in hand nineteen thousand fresh troops, supported by the fire of ninety guns. He brought ten thousand forward, attacking with his left, our right and centre, so as to lend a hand to Gortschakoff. Before he advanced, the Guards had reinforced the 2nd Division, and two thousand of the 4th Division, mainly detachments left in camp from the battalions which were in the trenches, were approaching under Cathcart.

The Russians fell heavily on the 41st Regiment at the Sandbag battery, and Fore ridge slopes, and the Welshmen being reinforced by the Guards, the fighting assumed the most determined character; the Russians would not accept defeat, and the struggle continued, till around the battery was formed a rampart of corpses.

Mr. Kinglake's fifth volume is a marvellous tribute to the British and Russian officers and men; but our privates are soldiers by choice, while the Russian private is conscripted against his will. No soldier can show more passive courage than the Russian, but he has not the aggressive spirit shown by Britons. The Russian officers, however, came forward again and again to lead on their columns, and one young lieutenant climbed the parapet of the Sandbag battery, and, followed by a

single private, leapt down on the bayonets of our men. Nor were our officers less devoted even to death. When the 41st were being overwhelmed, Captain Richards, Lieutenants Taylor, Stirling, and Swabey, the latter of whom had been already wounded, not being able at the moment to collect men for a counter attack which they considered to be essential, charged vigorously into a Russian column and were all killed.

Till now some semblance of a line had been maintained by our men, and no success had tempted them below the Sandbag battery ledge till General Cathcart arrived. He had pushed into the fight four-fifths of his two thousand men, but with the remaining four hundred, mostly 68th Light Infantry, he descended, in contravention of Lord Raglan's wishes, the eastern slopes of the upland to attack the flank of the Russians, and the movement in advance was taken up by our men on the crest. Sir George Cathcart was rapidly pushing back the foe in his immediate front, when he was fired on by Russians who had gained the ground above him. He was killed, as were many of his followers, the survivors regaining the crest in small scattered bodies. This crest, now bare of defenders, was occupied by Russians, one battalion facing eastward to surround our men who were still fighting lower down, when at this critical moment the French arrived on the crest, and drove the Russians back.

#### FIFTH ATTACK.

COVERED by a heavy fire from one hundred guns on Shell Hill, six thousand Russians advanced against the allies, who now numbered five thousand. The first line of eight battalions in company columns came on from the Quarry Ravine, neglecting our right near the Sandbag battery, now held by a French battalion and a few men of the Rifle Brigade; this, the most determined attack of the day, was pushed home in echelon from the Russian right against our left, and up the main road against our centre. The enemy's

columns penetrated our left, took and spiked some guns, bayonetting the gun detachments, who at first in the fog mistook the enemy for our men, and the Russian leading battalions were again fairly on the crest for a time. Just before the supporting Russian columns came up the English and French advanced and drove back the foe. The French, whose aid, offered early in the fight, had been declined by the officers commanding the Light and 4th Divisions, but whose help had been invoked later by Lord Raglan, were now in force on the ground, and, after some hesitation arising from various causes, were helping our soldiers. Two horse batteries went well down the crest to the east of the Post Road, and thence fired on the Russian guns on Shell Hill, though not without suffering great loss.

From the right attack batteries we were enabled to inflict severe losses on the enemy. The two roads near the mouth of the Careenage Ravine are very steep, that on the south exit being taken up ground which rises one hundred yards in four hundred, and reserves of men and ammunition were therefore sent by a track which passes east of, and then south of the Mamelon, till it descends by a valley running back northwards into the Careenage Ravine. As we did not then realize how the Russians were cramped by the ground, we at first imagined that the columns we saw were destined to turn our flank, and the guard of the trenches being inadequate for its protection, our position appeared precarious as the sound of the firing on the heights trended further southward. Six guns were run back to fire along the flank; spikes were issued, and the men showed the direction of retreat.

The head of the Russian column of men and wagons turned eastward at a point three hundred yards south of the Mamelon, and disappeared, but it was doubtless soon halted, for those behind remained for a long time exposed to our fire at fifteen hundred yards range, until, under its pressure, they melted away. I saw one of our guns pitch a

shell into a powder wagon, destroying all the men and horses near it.

The Russians endured this destructive fire with resigned courage, their comrades in the Malakoff and Redan doing all they could to help them by concentrating fire on those guns of ours which were causing so much destruction.

The last attack by Dannenberg was delivered soon after noon, and shortly after 1 P.M. the Russians retired from Shell Hill, unmolested except by artillery fire.

The Russians lost two hundred and fifty-six officers and twelve thousand men, a large proportion being left dead on the field.

The allied losses, each nation having brought about eight thousand men on the field of battle, were :—

	Killed.	Wounded.	Totals.
English—Officers .	39	91	130
Other ranks .	558	1,670	2,228
French—Officers .	13	36	49
Other ranks .	130	750	886

Pauloff's men closed more resolutely with ours than Soimonoff's, but then the ground over which the troops advanced was very different. Pauloff's men had a steep climb, it is true, but whether they ascended the Quarry Ravine, or coming from Shell Hill crossed the ravine, they were scarcely punished at all until they reached their foes, and the nature of the ground enabled them to get within charging distance of our men before they saw each other. Then the weight of numbers told ; each Russian company column had from one hundred and twenty to two hundred men, and in many cases was met by small parties of from fifteen to twenty Britons. That these were not annihilated was owing to the unskilful leading of the Russian officers, and the indomitable courage of our soldiers of all ranks.

Soimonoff's men were subjected to terrific slaughter before they got within charging distance, and under conditions most unfavorable for success. They were crowded together on a narrow neck, where bushes which did not

shelter, yet broke the ranks. Their formation was so deep, that many of the hard-hitting Minie<sup>1</sup> bullets went through half-a-dozen men. Then as some disorganized survivors approached the crest above them, they saw what in the fog doubtless appeared to be a serious entrenchment, and they were suddenly assailed by a confident soldiery who rushed at them, cheering with shouts of victory, as if they were but the advance of strong supporting bodies hidden behind the crest. It is remarkable that small parties of our soldiers charging in line seldom failed to push back heavy columns, and it was only when the sheer weight of numbers stayed the onset of our troops that they were in turn driven back. So great is the moral effect of an aggressive movement !

When our officers and non-commissioned officers were shot down, groups of privates banding together under some natural and self-elected leader of men, would rush forward on the foe, and in the Naval Brigade we heard next day that Captain Peel had led seven such separate attacks.

The fifth volume of Kinglake's work cannot be perused without evoking the deepest feeling of admiration for the courage of regimental officers and their men, and of wonder how from want of organization individual men were allowed to stream back to the 2nd Division camp for ammunition.

There are a number of stories which stir one's blood, but my space will not allow me to allude to them. One, however, I will quote briefly. Towards the end of the fight Lieutenant Acton, 77th Regiment, was ordered by Major Lord West, 21st Regiment, to advance up Shell Hill on the nearest Russian battery with his company and to take two companies of other battalions which stood near to Mr. Acton. He elected to go up in front, telling the other officers to go round by the flank, but they declined to attempt such a task, and Acton's men, influenced by the other officers, refused to move. Acton

<sup>1</sup> All our troops except the 4th Division had the Minie rifle.



walked on saying, "Then I'll go by myself." He was joined by Private Tyrrell of the 77th, then by one private of the recusant companies, and then by the whole of his company. The battery, hastily retiring, escaped.

As Napier wrote of the assault of Badajos, "Many died and there was much glory," but happily the brigadier general in temporary command of the 2nd Division, the mainspring of four hours' desperate resistance, survived. Essentially a fighting general, he was seen wherever bullets fell most thickly, and when not visible his voice was heard encouraging his men with a vocabulary borrowed from "the army in Flanders." It meant nothing, but will not bear repetition. Years after he was appointed to the Aldershot command, and her Majesty chanced to ask, "Has the new general yet taken up his command?" "Yes, your Majesty, he *score* himself in yesterday," was the apt reply.

Personally, from what I saw and heard during the war, I think, with the exception of some night fighting in and about the trenches, our infantry never fought during it with so great, resolute, and sustained determination as on the 5th November. There is a good deal of evidence in support of this opinion, and the effect of our men's conduct on our allies was marked. In a letter now before me, written by an officer who gained the Victoria Cross for marked gallantry in the action, I read: "November 7th, 1854. I cannot find terms to express my admiration and astonishment at the bravery of our officers and men. . . . The French think so much of our fight, and an officer told me, whatever the feelings might be in France, the army would forever go with the English." Humanly speaking, however, if the Russian generals had been as skilled as their men were patient under fire, the result must have been disastrous to the allies. Gortschakoff, with his twenty-two thousand men, never seriously occupied the attention of the French under Bosquet. Soimonoff and Pauloff tried to put thirty-five thousand men

and a great number of guns, on ground suitable for one-third of that number.

Pauloff should have emerged at daylight from the Quarry Ravine, under cover of all Soimonoff's guns of position, established on Shell Hill (as they were) before daylight. These guns should have been guarded by one of Soimonoff's regiments, say three thousand men, who might, if it was thought necessary, have thrown up shelter trenches. The general should have marched up the next ridge to the westward with sixteen thousand men and his field guns. This ascent, named by us Victoria ridge, is half a mile wide up to where the Victoria redoubt now stands. The hill narrows further to the southward to four hundred yards in breadth, but then, south of this narrow space it becomes possible to pass up and down the faces of the Careenage and Middle Ravines on either flank, and thus very superior numbers must have told in the struggle.

Soimonoff, no doubt, feared advancing on the Victoria ridge lest he should be caught in flank at daylight by the 21-gun battery of our right attack, but he could far more readily have got where the Victoria redoubt now stands, well on the flank of the 21-gun battery, than to Shell Hill, before the day broke, for from the city up to our camps, the Victoria ridge presents no obstacle to the march of troops on a broad frontage; moreover, nothing is so costly in war as half measures.

On the 6th November the allied generals decided to remain on the defensive and await re-inforcements before delivering an assault, wintering, if necessary, in the Crimea. The Inkerman ridge was to be fortified, the French moving a division to that flank to help in intrenching and guarding it, and the labor for the so-called English works was found by Turks under English supervision, beginning after dark on the 8th November.

There was now a break up of the weather. The last week of October was pleasantly warm during the day, although occasionally cold at night; but, after Inkerman, the days became



chilly and the nights bitterly cold. On the 10th November rain fell early, and for many days continued incessantly. The officers were insufficiently clothed, and the soldiers' garments were, in many cases, threadbare. In those times, from want of experience, we over-estimated the wear of uniform, basing our calculations on their use for days of fifteen hours. But our men had lived in their clothes since February, and rough, stony ground as beds by night, with continuous trench work by day, had reduced their garments to tatters, though often repaired with sandbags filched in the batteries.

Warned that I must carry everything I required, I landed on the 2nd October with two blankets only, and wearing light shoes. These gave out after a week's messenger work done for Captain Burnett, and I should have been barefooted, but that the marine who had looked after me on board *H.M.S. Queen*, and who was stationed on the Balaklava Heights, hearing of my state, sent me down a pair of his own shoes. These had now worn out, so motives of business as well as curiosity took me very soon up to the Inkerman crest, where I obtained a good pair. Disliking the idea, however, of despoiling a dead man, I promised a blue-jacket 10s. for a satisfactory fit. This he soon accomplished.

On the 10th I fell sick; constant diarrhoea, induced by eating salt pork occasionally uncooked, and aggravated by stormy nights in the trenches, had run into dysentery. I was directed to remain lying down as much as practicable, but on the morning of the 14th this was no longer possible. It was blowing in heavy gusts at 4 A.M. when the battery relief marched off, and, as sheets of rain beat on the tent, I congratulated myself that I had been excused duty. At 5 A.M., however, the tent-pole showed signs of giving, and Lieutenants Partridge and Douglas, having hurried on all the clothes they possessed, held it by turns, but at 6 A.M. a heavier blast lifted it fairly into the air, and it was carried away. I was uncomfortable, but suffered

nothing in comparison with hundreds of our soldier comrades, many of whom, wounded or sick, lay for hours exposed to the fury of the elements.

It is impossible to describe the scene of misery, but some idea of it may be realized if my readers will imagine they are on the bleakest of the Surrey hills, eight hundred feet above the sea, without even a tree for shelter, in the wildest storm of wind, rain, and sleet they have ever experienced. There were, indeed, two or three hovels near our camp, but they sheltered only a few, were crowded with wounded, and in many cases these dwellings lost their roofs. Horses broke loose from their picket-ropes, and, wild with terror, careered over the plateau; wagons were overturned; and to some it seemed that the end of all things had come.

I felt I must move, and attempted to walk towards a low wall of stones by which we had surrounded some powder-boxes, but I was knocked down, and was forced to travel the short distance on my hands and knees. Even in this fashion the wind was too much for my remaining strength, and I should have been carried past the enclosure by ten yards, had not Lieutenant Partridge and two blue-jackets intercepted me by going down on their knees and joining hands, till they reached me. Once under the wall, my comrades did all they could for my comfort, giving me the driest and most sheltered spot. So far as we could see there were not more than one or two tents in any camp still erect, and these were protected by walls of loose stones. We lay huddled together speculating "how it fared" with our ships, watching the storm-driven articles which were swept through our camp, and making mild bets as to their flight. Two drums, borne along nearly together, afforded us much interest. They rolled occasionally, and then, caught by a stone or tent-peg, would turn upright for a second or two, when a fresh gust carried them on at a rapid pace. There were two tents still standing in our camp, the poles having been spliced with strengthening pieces,

and to one of these, belonging to H.M.S. Bellerophon's officers, I was invited about 9 A.M., when my feeble state became known. They helped me down to it, but to open the door was impossible, and I had to crawl in through a puddle, which put the finishing touches to the mud which covered my clothes. This did not deter my hosts, however, and, regardless of my dirty clothes, they rolled me up in their clean, dry blankets, and I slept till 1 P.M., when I heard Captain Burnett, on his return from the battery, shouting, "Where and how is young Wood?"

About twelve o'clock the wind, till then south-west, veered to the westward; sleet was followed by snow, which lay on the hills, but from 2 P.M., although colder, the force of the wind lessened, and my comrades set to work to re-establish our camp, and by 9 P.M. had collected from afar what remained of it.

Our losses that day were heavy; twenty-one vessels were wrecked off Balaklava, and the Prince, one of our largest transports, went down laden with warm clothing and stores of all descriptions. The marines, encamped on the heights, witnessed this and similar catastrophes without any power of assisting the wrecks, for the wind was blowing with such terrific force on the height that no man could stand up. Colonel Roberts, now living at Freiburg, told me recently, he saw a tent carried high into the air and with it a small deal table. Lying at full length our officers and men looked down a thousand feet on the sea, and at that distance saw the Prince strike on the perpendicular cliffs; in the driving rain the ship looked small and her crew like pygmies, and fortunately they did not suffer for long, as the ship broke up immediately.

The French suffered also, losing one of their line-of-battle ships, the *Henri IV.*, nor did the Russians escape, many houses being unroofed.

H.M.S. Queen again gained credit, the admiral signalling, "Well done, Queen," for in the afternoon, during a

lull in the storm, while anchored off the Katcha River, she sent her boats to rescue men from several Austrian and Greek wrecked ships, saving over sixty lives. It was a work of much danger, increased by the stupid barbarity of a few Cossacks, who fired on the rescuers, wounding some seamen.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### INDOOR LIFE IN PARIS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the amalgamating action of the new international influences which have come into operation during the present century, the ancient differences persist between the exterior habits, the personal looks, and the ways of behaving of the peoples of Europe; they are weakened, but they are not suppressed. The upper classes of various lands — whose educational surroundings are becoming more and more alike — are approximating rapidly to each other in appearance and manners; but even amongst them diversities continue to subsist which, slight as they are in comparison with what they used to be, are, nevertheless, obviously perceptible. And when we look at the masses, variations glare at us. Who has ever crossed a frontier without being impressed by their abundance? In that striking example the suddenness of the change augments its volume; the world of just now has disappeared abruptly, and an utterly transformed one has assumed its place — the dress, the physical aspect, the language, even the movements, of the people round us have become other. After a period of residence in a country, a certain amount of habit forms itself; the eye and ear become accustomed; but at the instant of first entry almost every detail surprises by its strangeness, and evidence enough is supplied to us that, on the outside, nations are still strikingly dissimilar.

I say "on the outside," because what is viewed in ordinary travel is nothing but outside — the railway-station, the port, the street, the shop, the theatre, and the hotel. The indoor life of other

lands lies, almost always, beyond the reach of the foreigner; rarely can he enter it at all, or, if he does scrape into it a little, he does not crawl beyond its fringes; he is not admitted to live in it, with it, and of it, and, in most cases, remains uninformed as to its true nature, and as to the realities of national peculiarity which it reveals. Even of a city so much visited and so much talked about as Paris, most travellers know nothing intimately; it is only here and there, by accident, privilege, or relationship, that a few strangers (very few) manage to get inside its doors. The French keep their dwellings resolutely shut; they have small curiosity about foreign persons or things, dislike to have their habits disturbed by intruders, are dominated — especially since 1871 — by the bitterest patriotic hates, are in no degree cosmopolitan, are passionately convinced of the superiority of France over the rest of the world, — and, for these reasons, though a very sociable race amongst themselves, shrink instinctively and mistrustfully from people of other blood. Of course there are amongst the great houses of Paris a few in which diplomatists and travellers of rank are habitually received; but those houses constitute exceptions; they stand apart; and even in them it is rare to see foreigners form intimacies with the French. I could mention singular examples of the extreme difficulty of becoming real friends with them, even when circumstances are of a nature to arouse friendship; but such examples would necessitate personal details, and personal details point to names, which, where private individuals are concerned, it is impossible to mention, or even to suggest. Subsidiarily, as regards ourselves in particular, our shyness, and our usually insufficient knowledge of the language and of current topics of conversation and of the manner of treating them, raise up special barriers in our way. The immense majority of those who go to Paris are, therefore, unable to perceive anything indoors within their own eyes, and it is only from French books and from re-

ports made to them by such fellow-countrymen as, in consequence of special circumstances, have been able to look in, that they can learn anything exact of what is going on behind the walls they stare at. As I have looked in long and closely, I venture to add to the second of the two classes of information some of the indoor experiences I have collected.

But, before I begin descriptions, I must make some preliminary observations as regards the situation of the subject.

The strongest of all my notions, in looking back to my experiences in Paris and in comparing them with those I have encountered in other lands, is that, notwithstanding all the superficial contrasts — notwithstanding the differences of material organization, of ways, and even of habits of thought and of national character — the objects, rules, and practical conditions of existence remain substantially the same everywhere. Exterior looks and details, mannerisms, feelings, temperaments, and convictions vary endlessly; but, nevertheless, the main issues come out very nearly identical. It cannot be pretended, for instance, that the French differ fundamentally from the English because they eat a meal called breakfast at half past eleven, instead of a meal called lunch at half past one; because they have their children to dine with them, instead of sending them to bed, on bread and milk, at seven; because their servants leave them at a week's notice instead of a month's; because they pay their house-rent on the 15th of January, April, July, and October, instead of what we call quarter-days; because they have (or rather used to have) more elaborate manners than ourselves, and shrug their shoulders more; or because they talk more volubly than we do. These differences, and a hundred others of the same value, are not in reality differences at all; they are surface accidents — they constitute variety to the eye but not to the mind. However numerous and however evident such outside variations may be, they do not

affect the general likeness of all the workings out of human nature any more than the immense diversity of husks affects the methodical germination of the seeds within them. This view may, perhaps, be regarded as incorrect by the ordinary traveller, because to him the smallest newness appears, usually, to be significant, the slightest strangeness full of meaning. But to ancient wanderers, who have had time to grow inured and opportunity to become acclimatized, who have worn off astonishments, who have learnt by long rubbing against others that local demeanors do not change either the head or the heart, the conviction of universal unity becomes unshakable. In their eyes the vast majority of European men and women are animated by exactly the same passions, the same vanities, the same general tendencies, whatever be their birthplace. In their eyes external dissimilarities, which seem at first sight to differentiate nations so markedly, are mere skin-deep tokens, affecting only the secondary and unessential elements of existence, and serving simply as convenient distinctive badges. The contacts of travel have taught them that, though it is natural to attach curiosity to visible national peculiarities, it would be a mistake to expect to find behind them any corresponding divergences of inner essence.

Even national character—which has shown itself everywhere hitherto as a thoroughly enduring reality, and which does not exhibit in any of its developments the faintest signs of coming change—scarcely produces in our day any absolute distinction between the motives and the methods of life-organization in various countries. It is, of all race-marks, the one which exercises the most effect on public conduct; but I have met nowhere any reasons for believing that it changes the constitution of private and personal existence. By its nature, and for its habitual forms of exhibition, it requires a wider field of operation than it finds indoors. It is strikingly distinct, constant, and energetic in its patriotic and collective

manifestations; but its effects are infinitely less evident in small home matters.

Taking nationality as an accumulative designation for the entire group of diversities which distinguish nations from each other, it cannot be said to govern, in any appreciable degree, the essential composition of the indoor life of peoples. It works strongly in other directions, but scarcely at all in that one. It does not introduce, in any land, home elements which are entirely unknown elsewhere.

For this reason, in speaking of the indoor life of Paris, I shall not have much to say of radical differences; there are scarcely any. Even details, with all their copious variety, do not preserve, on examination, the vividness of contrast which they present at first sight. Just as moral principles (under similar conditions of education) exist everywhere in broad averages; just as they show themselves, all about, in fairly equal proportions—like vice and virtue, intelligence and stupidity, health and disease—so do the main conditions of indoor life run, in all countries, in parallel grooves, slightly twisted, here and there, by superficialities. What there is to tell, therefore, is about impressions rather than about facts, about sensations rather than about sights, almost indeed about resemblances rather than about differences.

But, what is indoor life? To some it represents little more than mere family existence; to others, on the contrary, it is but an additional name for society; to others, again, it represents a temporary separation from the world, during which we put off the constraints in which we enwrap ourselves in public, and relapse momentarily into the undistorted realities of self. With these wide oppositions of interpretations (and there are more besides), it is impossible for any of us to speak of indoor life with the certainty that we mean by it the same thing as others do. And not only does it change its aspects, its objects, and its significations with the individual

point of view of each of us, but also with the persons at whom we happen to look. I speak, therefore, of the indoor life of Paris for myself alone, describing not so much what I have seen in it as what I have felt in it; recognizing heartily that every other witness has a right to disagree with me, and recognizing it all the more because, on such a subject, it is on instincts and ideas proper to each one, rather than on indisputable verities evident to all, that spectators base their very varying judgments.

On one doctrine only is everybody likely to be in accord with everybody else. That doctrine is that indoor life, whatever else it may be taken to impart, implies essentially the life of women, and that its nature shifts about with the action of the women who create it. This doctrine, true everywhere, is especially true of Paris; for there, more than anywhere, certain women stand out before and above all their fellows as the national producers of the brightest forms of its indoor life. That life is made by them and for them; they manufacture it in its perfected attractiveness; and, above all, they typify it. They are so thoroughly both the composers and the actors of the piece, that a description of it does not signify much more than a description of the women who play it.

But this is true of very few indeed amongst the women of Paris. They all lead, in general terms, the same sort of indoor life, so far as its outlines are concerned; yet scarcely any of them help to shape or guide it in what constitutes its national aspects. Acquaintance with it shows that the mass of them follow it passively, but neither originate it nor enkindle it. They are content with dull, humdrum existences, and take no part in the active composition of the typical aspects of the place. They do their duty placidly, as wives, mothers, and housekeepers; they are, most of them, worthy, excellent, estimable persons; most of them smoulder in inertness. I remember how astonished I was at the beginning, when I was still under the influence of

the fanciful teachings of my youth, to discover, by degrees, that Paris women were not, as I had been assured by my British instructors of those days, all worldly, all pleasure-seeking, all love-making, all dress-adoring; but that the majority of them were quiet, steady, home-cherishing, devoid of all aggressive personality, animated by a keen sense of moral duty. Such is their nature still, modified only, in certain cases, by the action of that wonderful French faculty, adaptability, which fits those who can employ it for any social or even leading rôle. Unluckily, the faculty itself is rare, and, of those who own it, a good many have neither the ambition nor the power to use it, and remain, just as most women do in other lands, unproductive in their nullity. They are French in the details of their ways and habits; but the great heap of them might just as well be anything else, so far as any national fruitfulness is concerned. It is not they who stand out as the makers and the beacons of the bright life of Paris; that part is played by a very restricted minority, which, small as it is, lights up so vividly the circles round it, that it seems to represent the nation all alone before the world. The fireside goodnesses of the majority are to be seen, almost in the same forms, in any other country; but the fertile arts and the sparkling devices of the minority are special to Paris; they cannot be found outside it; and, even there, they are utterly exceptional. But, scarce though they are, they constitute, all by themselves, the most striking elements of indoor life, for they alone bring into evidence the processes employed by the higher Paris woman.

By the "higher Paris woman" I do not mean the woman of the highest classes only, but the woman of the higher capacities, whatever be her class, provided only she applies them. It is essential to insist on this, for in Paris capacity does not necessarily follow class. It is, of course, more frequent amongst the well-born, because of their advantages of heredity, of training, and of models; but birth



alone cannot bestow it; it is to be found in every educated layer; like adaptability, it may be discovered anywhere. Capacity, in the sense I have in view, may be defined, roughly and approximately, as the power of creating a home to which everybody is tempted to come, and of reigning in that home over all who visit it. It is a purely social ability, for it can only be exercised in society; but it is attainable by any woman who has the consciousness of its germ within her, and who has, or can manufacture, the tools and the opportunities to develop it. The European reputation of the social life of Paris proceeds almost exclusively from the fitness of a few women in each group. The men count for very little—the other women for nothing at all. The other women make up the universal crowd, with its universal qualities and its universal defects; they manage conscientiously their own little lives, but they exhibit nothing of true French brilliancies, and it is those brilliancies alone which attract the attention and excite the admiration of the world.

But, alas! the woman who does possess the brilliancies is disappearing rapidly; she is becoming almost a creature of the past; which fact supplies another motive for trying to describe her while some patterns of her still exist.

And now, having explained the situation in its main lines, I can begin to try to sketch such elements of the indoor life of Paris as seem to me to be worth remembering.

It follows from what I have already said that that life is divided into two clearly distinguishable divisions—the work of the mass, and the work of the minority. In speaking of the characteristics of the mass, it is difficult to use general statements, because no wording, however elastic, can apply to everybody; because there are exceptions to every rule; because the little diversities of natures and of ways (even when all are dominated by the same principles of action) are endless. All that can be done safely is to indicate

certain main features of temperament and behavior, and to declare expressly that those features are not universal, and that no single picture can portray every face.

The ordinary Paris woman, who makes up the mass, is rarely interesting as a national product. There is seldom anything about her that is markedly different from the woman of elsewhere. Occasionally she dresses well; occasionally she wears her clothes well, and, in that matter, does stand, here and there, somewhat apart; occasionally she is smart, but much more often she is not smart at all, and is sometimes altogether dowdy. When it was the fashion to be *comme il faut*, nearly every woman did her best to reach the standard of the period, because it corresponded to her innate idea of quiet. But now that strong effects have taken the place of distinction, she has, in many cases, become indifferent and neglects herself. Superiorities of any sort are rare in her, just as they are elsewhere. Of course she has local peculiarities, but peculiarities do not necessarily constitute superiorities. In one respect, however, the French woman throughout the land does stand high,—she possesses, as a rule, vigorous home affections; they are, indeed, so vigorous that, taking her class as a whole, I doubt whether the corresponding women of any other race arrive at the deep home tenderness which she shows and feels. Her respect for the ties and duties of relationship is carried so far that, under its impulsion, there are positively (although she is not always quite pleased about it) examples of three generations living permanently together, apparently in harmony! Her attitude towards her children is one of great love; they live, in most cases, entirely with her, and constitute the main object of her existence. I do not pretend that the bringing up which results therefrom is the best in the world—that question lies outside the present matter—but I do maintain that a very striking feature of the indoor life of Paris, regarded in its family



aspects, is the intensity of the attachment and devotedness of the women to their parents and their children, and their sympathy for other relations. Their husbands, perhaps, are not invariably included in this overflowing sweetness. Of course there are women who care nothing for either their children or any one else; but the rule is, incontestably, amongst the middle and upper sections, as well as in the *bourgeoisie*, that they are strangely full of the home tie.

The perception of family duties is, indeed, so keen, as a general state, that the whole race obtains from it a basis for the construction of home happiness in a solid (though stolid and prosy) shape, and, if happiness could be built up with one material alone, could reasonably hope to enjoy a good deal of it. Unfortunately, however, for everybody else as well as for the French, such little happiness as seems to exist about the earth is derived evidently from the joint action of so many and such composite causes (and from individual character even more than from any outer cause whatever), that one single faculty, no matter how important or how robust it may be, does not suffice to beget it. In the particular case of the average Paris woman, we cannot help recognizing, whenever we get a clear sight of her indoors, with her mask off, in a condition of momentarily ungilded authenticity, that, notwithstanding the acuteness of her family sentiment, she obtains from it no more active happiness than falls to the lot of her less family-loving neighbor in other lands.

If she extracts distinct contentment from any one source, it is from a totally different one — from the consciousness that, with all the habitual dulness of her existence (I speak, of course, of the average mass), she possesses, in certain cases, a handiness proper to herself, a quick perceptivity, a faculty of absorption, appropriation, and reproduction of other people's ideas, a capacity for utilizing occasions. In this direction she does possess sometimes a national superiority. But this

most useful characteristic is very far from universal; the great majority of Paris women do not possess an atom of it; and furthermore, when it does exist, it is, in most of its examples, rather mental than practical, — it shows itself in words rather than in acts.

For instance, the women of the present day are rarely good musicians; scarcely any of them can paint, or sing, or write; very few indeed can cook or make dresses; very few read much, in comparison with the English or the Germans; but a portion of them can talk sparklingly of what they pick up from others. Of this form of talent (when she has it) the Paris woman is, with reason, proud; and satisfied vanity is to many natures — to hers in particular — a fertile root of joy. Speaking generally, and excluding all the heavy people, mental handiness may be said to be one of her distinguishing marks. She is enthusiastic about moral qualities, especially when she thinks she can attribute them to herself; but, as a rule, she puts above them in her desires the capacities of personal action which can aid her to get on. Her nature is not often either generous or liberal, but it is occasionally very religious. She has a tendency to attach importance to small things; the sense of proportion and of relative values is often weak in her, — with the consequence that she follows, half instinctively, a life in which trifles play a large part, and such powers of productive usefulness as she may possess are often a good deal wasted on unessential occupations.

Amongst the trading classes, where the wives so often share the business work of the husbands, there is sometimes a look of real solidity of purpose; but it cannot be said that in the middle and upper ranks, notwithstanding the abundance of their general virtues, there is much appearance of steady earnestness. There is eagerness rather than energy, vivacity rather than vigor, restlessness rather than industry. I should not like to say that the ordinary Paris woman possesses no earnestness, but I have often asked myself whether,

as a rule, she really has any. The fact that their language contains no word for earnestness, or indeed for any of the forms of thoroughness, does seem to suggest that the French have no need of expressing the idea which the word conveys; though when they are told this they answer triumphantly, "But we have *sérieux*!" Now *sérieux*, which is employed both as a substantive and an adjective, does not in any way correspond to earnestness or earnest; it implies a certain gravity, a certain ponderosity, and even, in many cases, a certain portentous solemnity. The state is common to the two sexes, and to be thought *sérieux* is an object of ambition to some men and to some women. It does not involve knowledge, or labor, or determination; but it does purport supremacy over the follies of life. Of course there are *des personnes sérieuses*, who are so by natural inclination, and whose *sérieux* means merely quietness, correctness, and preference for calm duty; in all of which, again, there is nothing of what we understand by earnestness. The absence of earnestness is not compensated by the presence of *sérieux* (when it is present), and there remains, on the whole, a worthy, affectionate, dutiful life, often a little gloomy, sometimes intelligent, scarcely ever intellectual, — life like what it is anywhere else, neither more brilliant nor more productive, but with differences of detail.

The women who lead this average life have, naturally, their social occupations, too, their social vanities, and their struggles after place; some of them possess distinct aptitudes for the little battle, and fight it with what they conceive to be success. But that side of the subject is only really interesting amongst the minority, to whom I am coming in an instant.

The men generally (unless they have fixed occupations) live the indoor life of their families, excepting during the time they pass in the little room which most of them possess under the title of *le cabinet de Monsieur*. What they do in that little room I have never discovered to my satisfaction, though I have

employed almost half a century in searching. They seem contented, but they do not aid much to shape the family existence — that is the function of their wives. It is surprising that men who exhibit so much movement, and even so much excitement about outdoor things, should be so passive and inoperative indoors. There is nothing to be said about them in connection with the subject I am discussing.

The material conditions of the life of the mass are, on the whole, comfortable. On many points there are sharp differences between French arrangements and ours; there is generally, for instance, far more finish of furniture with them, and somewhat more finish of service with us. The look of the rooms is certainly prettier and gayer in Paris than in London, — partly because the walls, the chairs, the tables, are more decorative, and the colors of the stuffs and hangings lighter and brighter; partly because chintz coverings are never seen, the clearness of the air allowing everything to remain unhidden. There are many more mirrors; ornaments lie about more abundantly, and in greater variety of nature and effect. The grouping of the whole is far less regular, less stiff, more intimate. This advantage is most marked in the drawing-rooms; it continues in a less degree, in the bedrooms; there are traces of it in some of the dining-rooms. But the setting out of the table is almost always inferior to ours, both in detail and as a picture; and (barring the great houses) the servants wait with less attention and less experience. I speak, of course, in the most general terms and of the broad average, taking no notice of the exceptions, on either side. As regards comfort, it can scarcely be asserted that the inhabitants of either of the two countries live better, on the whole, than the others.

Most Paris women stay so much indoors that their material surroundings at home are of particular importance to them. Many of them go out only once a day, for an hour or two perhaps.

The vast majority have still, notwithstanding the change that is coming over them, no outdoor amusements. Indeed, viewing amusement as a serious occupation, there is vastly more of it in London than in Paris, or in any other city in the world. No people run after the amusement so insatiably as the English; they are at it all day, in some form. The Parisians, on the contrary, take their pleasures mainly in the evening, and almost always rest in peace till the afternoon; those who ride or do anything in the morning are infinitely few. As a practice, they do not dress for dinner when they are alone; the mass of them give scarcely any dinner-parties to friends or acquaintances; but, as a consequence of their family attachments, they constantly have relatives to share their *gigot*. There are no day-nurseries for children, who live in the drawing-room, or a bedroom, with their mothers, and learn there to become little men and women. There are no old maids, mainly because almost every girl marries young; if any fail to find a husband (which happens rarely), they vanish out of sight; unmarried women over thirty are scarcely known or heard of in Paris; the thousand duties to which they apply themselves in England are left undischarged in France. Finally, no visitors come to stay in a Paris house—partly because it is not the custom, partly because there is no spare room, which is the better reason of the two.

I come now to the minority, to the higher women, to something in the indoor life of the place which is unlike what is found elsewhere. The higher women differ in nearly every detail of their attitude from the mass which I have just described—almost as much, indeed, as art differs from nature. Excepting that they too are, usually, good mothers, there is scarcely anything in common between them and the others. Just as the mass live for the home, so do the minority live for the world; and, for a student of the world and its ways, there is not to be discovered a more perfect type, for it

is a product of the very highest worldly art, worked up with skill, will, and finish. It is all the more a product of pure art because, as I have already remarked, the higher Paris woman may be found outside the highest social class, and may be manufactured out of any suitable material. The particular position which is created by birth is not indispensable to her; it bestows a brilliancy the more, but that is all. The woman of whom I am speaking may be of any rank, provided she possesses the requisite abilities, and provided she can gather round her a group worthy of her handling. And this is the more true because, with some evident exceptions, social station in Paris does not depend exclusively, or even mainly, on the causes which bestow it elsewhere,—on birth or name, on title or on money; they all aid, they aid largely; but not one of them is absolutely requisite. Even money, powerful as it is, is less conquering in Paris than in London, as certain persons have discovered, who, after failing to get recognized to their satisfaction in the former city, have succeeded in thrusting themselves to the front in the latter. The Paris woman who wins position, even if she possesses these four assistants, owes her victory, not to them, but to herself, to her own use of the powers within her. She merits minute description, both in her person and her acts. But here a difficulty arises. Her acts can be set forth in as much detail as is needed; but her person—and for the results that she begets, her person is as important as her acts—cannot be depicted in English.

The reason is, that the ideas which dominate us as to the uses to which our language ought to be applied prevent us from handling it freely on such a subject. There are limits to the application of English, limits which we have laid down for ourselves, limits which exclude the possibility of treating glowingly certain topics without appearing to be ridiculous. To speak of the feminine delicacies of a thorough Paris woman, to show their influence on the crowd around her and on the

life she leads, and to dissect their sources, their manifestations, and their consequences, as the French do, would be regarded by the British public as unworthy of the solidity of British character. So, as her person cannot be faithfully outlined without French appreciations of its elegancies, without employing French methods of photographic portraiture, and without painting in French colors the admiration it inspires; and as those French appreciations, methods, and colorings would be regarded as "gushing" in English, the person of the Paris woman must remain undrawn by English pens. The difficulty does not proceed from the English writer, but from the English reader; the English language is as capable as French is of telling the tale of winning feminine refinements; but our feeling is against the employment of it for such frivolous purposes. We do not produce the same human works of art, and are not accustomed to English descriptions of them. The French pages which narrate the perfections of women, which write of details in detail and of graces with grace, are read in France with eager interest, because of the inherent attraction of the subject to the French mind, and of the amazing dexterity and finish which, from long practice, has been acquired in the handling. The story is so vivid that we see and hear reality, so seductive that we bow before charm, so adroitly told that we marvel at the author's cunning. Even the English (a good many of them at all events) read all this in French with keen appreciation; but in their present mood they would call it silly in English. Our literature loses by this exclusion — which extends to other topics besides Frenchwomen — a quantity of opportunities which many writers would, it may be presumed, be delighted to utilize, but dare not, for fear of being scoffed at. It is altogether inexact to argue that "the genius of the French language" — a much employed but nearly meaningless expression — lends itself to wordings which cannot be rendered in other tongues; it is not genius but habit

which explains those wordings. French has no monopoly of the phrases needed to delineate personal elegance; neither has the French mind any exclusive property of the sentiment of physical symmetries, or of the faculty of analysis of delicate perceptions and of the sensations aroused by those perceptions. Both the thinkings and the wordings would be forthcoming elsewhere, if only readers wanted them. The Belgians, for instance, who use French, have no more of them than we have, for the reason that, like us, they do not feel the need of them. As things stand at present, the person of the higher Parisienne cannot be depicted diagnostically in English; that element of the subject must be left out here, which is a pity, not only because it is the prettiest part of it, but also because the exclusion lessens the field of discussion of Paris indoor life. Her work alone remains to be talked about.

The higher Frenchwoman, in the time of her full glory, was essentially a leader of men; from the Fronde downwards, the history of France was full (fuller far than that of any other land) of evidence of the influence of women on its progress; but that influence, after waning steadily since the Revolution, went entirely out of sight with the solidification of the actual republic. After the war of 1870 it struggled on, under increasing difficulties, until MacMahon resigned; since his time it has disappeared altogether. The banishment of the men of the well-born classes from all share in the government of the country (not only because they are conservatives, but even more because others want the places which, for the greater part, they formerly occupied) has necessarily brought about the repudiation of the women too; and such of them as are not well-born suffer in sympathy, for their cause is common. The republicans avow that *la république manque de femmes*, but it will never win the higher women to it until, amongst other things, it makes a place for them to work. At present they are entirely shut away from contact with the public life of France;

they have lost all empire over the events of the time, and, in consequence, they themselves have weakened. It would be inexact to call them politicians, in the English sense of the word; but they are animated by a need of personal performance and productivity which cannot be satisfied without dabbling, from however far off, in current affairs. Their intelligence has always sought for spheres of action; but Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, — *un songe entre deux mensonges* — have now suppressed all spheres of action for them outside the walls of their drawing-rooms. The so-called governing classes, to which, directly or indirectly, a good many of them belonged, are replaced by the *nouvelles couches*; the overthrow of the classes as national instruments has entailed the overthrow of the women as a national force, and has reduced them to a purely social function, which gives insufficient play to their aspirations, and thrusts them back into themselves. The rupture between society and the republic is complete, and, apparently, unmendable. Both lose by it; but society loses the most, because, though the republic can prosper ruggedly without society, the women of society (whatever be their birth) cannot breathe healthily without the position and the occupation which they formerly obtained from contact with authority.

This decline affects them individually as well as collectively, and because of it (amongst other causes) they no longer present the very marked national lineaments which once belonged to them. There is still something to tell, both of their cleverness and of their attractiveness; but, while the proportion of attractiveness remains considerable, the proportion of cleverness has largely diminished. As it was, in great part, by cleverness actively employed — effective, operative, prolific cleverness — that the foremost Paris women won the bright place they once held before Europe, it is evident that the lessening of that cleverness renders them less instructive to study. And they themselves, some of them at

least, are at this moment, in other directions, wilfully damaging their attractiveness too, by leaping into the wave of masculinity which the English have set surging, and by allowing their infinite femininity of other days to be drowned by it. Many of them have taken up and, with the ardor of neophytes, have already surpassed us in, the most conspicuous of the new exercises which, under pretext of physical development, English women have invented. If size is to become the chief ambition of women, if the merits of girls and wives are to be measured by length, we ought to ask the Germans and the Swedes how they manage to produce giants. They have plenty of women six feet high, feminine and gentle in their way, who could not distinguish between a golf-club and a billiard-cue, or between a racquet and a battledore, and who, though they may have had in their childhood some moderate practice of gymnastics, have never given an hour to rude games, to riding on a bicycle, or to any of the recent forms of romping. It is possible that, some day, women will once more become desirous to remain women; but, for the moment, the example offered by the English is unfeminizing France, and that effect, in addition to political enfeeblement, renders many of the Paris women of to-day different indeed from what they used to be. Yet, in some of their examples, they retain a portion of their former selves, and continue to be something else than others are. They are changed, lamentably changed, as a general type; but memorials of their former merit are still discoverable.

Manner, movement, dress, and talk are the weapons of the higher Paris woman who continues to be exclusively a woman. She employs them all in her relations with the world, on her day, at her dinners, at her parties. On her day a mob may come to her, because her door is open to her entire acquaintance; but, unless she is a personage, her dinners and her parties are usually kept small. A view of her on her day is interesting, perhaps the



most interesting feminine spectacle in Paris, for she shows more of her varied skill on that occasion than on any other. She has to be everything to everybody at once ; to graduate her welcomes ; to measure her smiles ; to give their full rights of greeting and of place to all her visitors, but no more than the right of each ; and, above all, notwithstanding this calculated adjustment, to send everybody away with the conviction that they, in particular, were the very persons she most wished to see. The power of listening is, in such a case, almost more important than the power of speaking, for there is no flattery so irresistible as to lead stupid people to believe you are intensely interested in what they say. Towards those whom she wishes to impress, she exhibits herself in her utmost winningness, according to what she imagines to be their accessible sides. To this one she throws scintillant talk ; she dazzles that one with the elegancies of her person ; to another she is all deep sympathy and tender feeling ; of a fourth she inquires gravely, as if such subjects were the one study of her hours, whether the experiments in the liquefaction of carbon are progressing hopefully, or who will be the next successful candidate at the Académie. There is certainly great labor in the process ; the tension of the mind is augmented by the longing for success, and by unceasing attention to physical effect as an essential aid to that success. But, to a thorough woman of the world, conceive the delights of success ! What must she feel when her last visitor has left, — when she looks back over the four hours she has just passed, and tells herself that every one has been conquered by her, and has carried away a deep impression of her charm ? The scene can be beheld in Paris only, — at least I have not discerned it in the same perfection in any other society ; it is far away the most special picture of its indoor life ; it shows the typical Frenchwoman in her most finished development, which no one else can attain. But how rare it is !

At dinner her doings are equally complete, but not the same. She is differently dressed. She is *en peau* (I mention, for those who may not be aware of it, that this is the modern expression for *décolletée*) ; and with the change of covering comes change of bearing, for the perfect Paris woman has a bearing for every gown. Just as the nature of the dress itself indicates its purpose, its meaning, and the hour at which it is to be worn, so does she herself associate her ways with that meaning. The movements of her bare shoulders and bare arms at dinner are not identical with the movements of the morning or the afternoon in a high *corsage* and long sleeves. They have another story to relate, another effect to produce, other duties to discharge ; her measurement of their value and their functions is quite different. The action of the hands, again, is in full view ; their language can be spoken out ; their eloquence can exercise its completest force ; she talks with them as with her tongue. In pleased consciousness of her delightfulness she sits in the centre of her table, casts her glances and her words around her, undulates with varied gesture, and is again, in thorough meaning and result, the typical Parisienne.

And yet, by one of the contradictions with which the entire subject is piled up, she is unable to bestow immortality on the memory of her dinners. That memory disappears, for, incomprehensible though it be, there is nothing which mankind in its thanklessness forgets like dinners ; there is nothing which in gratitude we ought to remember more ; there is nothing which in reality we remember less. This fact of the utter fading away of dinners is a puzzle to all people who have passed their lives in dining, with full recognition of the superlative importance of the process. Scarcely any of them recollect anything precise about the thousand banquets at which they have filled a place. They agree, generally, that they have entirely forgotten what they have eaten, that they have almost forgotten what they have seen, that



they have the feeblest consciousness of the people they have met, and that their only relatively clear remembrance is of the bright talk they have heard occasionally at table. The ear is the only organ which retains really lasting impressions; the tongue preserves nothing, and the eye scarcely anything. I believe that, with the exception of a few professional *gourmets* (a class that is becoming everywhere more and more rare), this is the condition of mind of nearly everybody who is in a position to form an opinion on the subject. One of my acquaintances, who dined diversifiedly about Europe, became so convinced in early life that dinners are inevitably forgotten, that he preserved from his outset the *menus* and lists of guests, with the placing at table, of all the repasts at which he assisted. When I saw his collection it had grown into several folio volumes. The entries in it were made with such precision, that, discovering in it one of my own cards with a date on it, and asking what it signified, I was told by my acquaintance that its object was to register the fact that he had dined with me alone on the day indicated. He, at all events, had succeeded in preventing himself from falling into the universal oblivion; he considered, probably with truth, that he was the only man in European society who was animated by the real *reconnaissance de l'estomac*, and who could reconstitute, with becoming thankfulness and certainty, the details of every dinner he had eaten. At the actual moment of dinner we feel, of course, a more or less keen perception of the merits or demerits of the feast. But the perception does not endure; even bad and gloomy dinners are forgotten, just as thoroughly as good and gay ones. The explanation is, it seems to me, that we dine too often; one dinner drives out the effect of another. If we had only one dinner in our lives, how we should remember it! Of the four great elements of dinners — food, people, spectacle, and talk — the talk alone, as I have already observed, dwells on, in some degree, in our thoughts. No one can fail to rec-

ognize that cookery is valueless as a permanent cause of memory of diners; it is but a merely momentary effect; it does not merit the front place it is too commonly supposed to occupy in the general constitution of a repast; it stands, on the contrary, last in durability amongst the four constituents. Scarcely any of the older students of dining persist in giving serious thought to food, partly because of weakening digestions, mainly because they have learnt from long practice that the real pleasure of a dinner is derived from another source. They see in it not an occasion for eating, but a most ingenious and soul-contenting arrangement for bringing men and women intimately together under conditions which supply many stimulants and brightnesses — an arrangement which enables them to show themselves at their best, and which terminates the day with lustre, like a luminous sunset.

Now, talk at dinner — the one enduring element of the ceremony — can never reach its full radiance without women; and here comes in the application of these considerations to the Parisienne, for it is her talk which raises dinner to the high place it occupies in Paris. A womanless dinner may not be quite so dismal as a night without stars, or a desert without water; but it may fairly be compared to a tree without leaves, to a sea without ships, or to a meadow without buttercups. Somewhere in the sixties I dined with M. Emile de Girardin (I name him because he was a public man), in that admirable house in the Rue Pauquet which he called his "thatched hut." He was famous for his dinners, and on the occasion to which I refer the cookery was supreme — so supreme indeed that I told myself at the time I had never partaken of such a dinner; that shapeless fact is still in my memory; but what there was to eat, or who was there, I have utterly forgotten. I know only it was a dinner of men — that is to say, not a dinner at all in the great social meaning of the term. Women and talk

alone make dinner, especially in Paris, where the value of the women and the talk reaches its highest possibilities. If we forget all about it as soon as it is over, that is not the fault of the Parisiennes ; they, at all events, have done their utmost to induce us to remember. Certain Paris dinners provide, probably, a more complete supply of social satisfaction than can be extracted from any other single source. They give us what we want at the moment in its best conceivable form, with all the components and surroundings that can furnish outside assistance. Of course dinners are more or less alike everywhere ; of course the foundations and the general nature of the structure reared upon them cannot vary widely ; but in the double sensation of serenity and complacency on the one hand, and of inspiring allurements on the other, Paris possesses in a few houses an atmosphere which cannot be breathed anywhere else, and which constitutes a true international distinction.

It is possible that, to the inexperienced eye, the charm of this would not be as evident as it becomes on intimate knowledge of it. We like best what we are most accustomed to ; strange ways rarely please us at first—the habit of them needs to be formed before we can appreciate them. There is an involuntary shrinking from the new and the unknown ; it is only after time and usage that, in most cases, we become fit to comprehend the merit of practices that we were not brought up to admire. But when habit has had opportunity to grow, when experience has enabled us to base our judgments on long comparison, then, at last, we recognize excellences which do not strike new-comers. I insist particularly on this consideration, because it explains not only the source of the opinions I hold, but also one of the reasons why others may differ from those opinions.

A Paris evening party is nearly the same process as a “day”—in other clothes, and with more facility for walking about. There is nothing to be said of it that I have not said already.

I will, however, mention one recollection that has a relation to its aspects. The first time I was present at a ball in Paris, I was struck by the singular freshness of the colors of the dresses, after the tints I had known in England ; it was not the making of the dresses that I noticed, but their shades, which had a bloom that astonished me. I soon lost, from constant view, the power of comparing ; but at first, before my eyes had become trained, it seemed to me that even the whites were whiter, brighter, more intense than any I had seen before, while all the other hues looked more transparent and more living. I make no attempt to explain the impression I received, but of its reality I am certain. Whether the distinction still endures I cannot say (new arrivals alone could now judge of that) ; but at the moment, while the sense of it lasted, it served to mark a visible difference between the balls of Paris and of London. In all else, save some few unimportant contrasts of manners and of details, evening parties have seemed to me about the same everywhere, and I can think of nothing about them that is really proper to Paris. The women exercise at them an attraction on the people round which is more general and less individual than at dinners ; there is space ; the spectators are far more numerous ; the women are more completely seen ; but, all the same, they dominate less. I have always fancied that, for this reason the true Paris woman is somewhat wasted at an evening party ; she is too much in the crowd ; she may be admired, but she does not always rule. Her one advantage at night receptions is that she can stand and walk about, and can produce effects of motion which are denied to her at dinner. The use of this to her is undeniably great—so great, indeed, that I once heard it suggested that, in order to render dinners absolutely perfect, they should be performed standing, so as to enable the women to exhibit their full results of dress and movements. It was, however, argued by most of those who were present on

that occasion, that sitting cannot be disassociated from dinner, and that (putting fatigue aside) dinner would be degraded to the level of a stand-up supper if the guests were upright. I leave the question to the future.

This sort of life in Paris is not, after all, more worldly than the same existence is elsewhere. Wherever amusement is lifted to the position of the first object of existence, the moral effect on those who pursue it is virtually the same; there may be shades of local difference, but the tendency of the mind grows everywhere alike. It would therefore be unfair to attribute any special frivolity to Paris because small sections of its society achieve extreme brilliancy of worldliness; just as it would be unfair to praise it specially because other classes are particularly worthy of esteem. In the universal average of good and bad, Paris stands on the same general level as other capitals; but in glistening pleasantness it rises, here and there, above them all. How long that superiority of pleasantness will endure remains to be seen; it is weakening fast from the progressive disappearance of the women who, thus far, have maintained it. If it does vanish altogether, Paris will become like any other place, with the same respectabilities and dulnesses; but its indoor life will have left behind it a history and a memory proper to itself, and some day, perhaps, its women will wake up again and will reassume the feminine grace and the feminine capacities which were so delightfully distinctive of their ancestors.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.  
ST. MARTIN OF TOURS.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

It is more than forty years ago since I was much impressed by hearing Professor Sedgwick say in his emphatic manner: "Geology knows no beginning—knows no beginning!" I was very young then, and the words came upon me as a new revelation for which I was not prepared. Mr. Cadaverous

was my guide and mentor in those days, and I went to him in my perplexity.

"Is it true? What does he mean?"

"Quite true, my friend. Reach what point we may in the past, there is always something behind it."

"Then is it true of history?"

"Yes—of history! History, too, knows no beginning! Yet be it remembered that history knows many beginnings. Abraham's start from Ur of the Chaldees was one of them. Mohammed's Hegira from Mecca was another, and a third was Cæsar's first campaign in Gaul."

How often have I thought of those words! How long it was before I at all understood how Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul could be regarded as one of the great beginnings of history; how it was the first great opening out of the West to the light that should come from the East; how the sudden start of Cæsar from Rome in the spring of 58 B.C. was another of those momentous hegiras which usher in a new era for the nations of the world. Seven years after that the western frontier of the great republic had advanced from the shores of the Mediterranean to the seaboard of the Atlantic, and stretched from the mouth of the Rhine to the Bay of Biscay. The people of Gaul had become subject and tributary to Rome, and what the future might be which the wonderful conquest had opened out for the victors and vanquished—who could forecast or imagine?

Among the last of those many peoples in the great basin of the Loire whom Cæsar names in his "Commentaries" were the Turones. Their territory appears to have extended along both banks of the Loire from Blois to Saumur. Even then it must have been a fruitful land through whose southern borders flowed the Cher, the Indre, and the Vienne. Then, as now, it must have been "sunny Touraine." But the people were not as warlike as the dwellers in the more rugged districts of Gaul; and when Cæsar made his dispositions for keeping the

lately vanquished peoples in due subjection, he counted it enough to leave two legions in Touraine to overawe the whole district of the lower Loire from the Cher to the sea. Whether the Turones had any important *oppidum* in their borders up to this time does not appear, but the military occupation of Touraine by a regular army implied the existence of a garrison town with regular defences; and early in the first century of our era we find such a stronghold occupying a commanding position at the point where the Loire is joined by the Cher. The city soon rejoiced in an imperial designation, and was called Augustodunum. For long it has been known among men by its modern and more familiar name of Tours.

We learn but little about this earlier Roman fortress or *depôt*. The people of Touraine broke out in revolt in the days of Tiberius; were promptly reduced to submission; seem to have behaved themselves becomingly for a few generations; lived in that kind of happiness which results in a people having no history; and were rewarded with the honor of *freedom*, for the meaning of which term any one who wishes to know is hereby referred to the work of M. Fustel de Coulanges.<sup>1</sup> For religion, there is reason to believe that these people clung stubbornly to some half-mystic, half-idolatrous forms of faith and worship which we vaguely call Druidism. But as the generations passed on, and Roman culture and Roman ideas took even a deeper root, Druidism tended to die out, and what was left in its place which appealed to the people's hopes and fears and aspirations behind the veil—none can tell us.

The Saviour's Gospel soon got a firm foothold in the valley of the *Rhone*. The Narbonensis might be almost called a Christian land before the third century was well over. On the Rhine and the Seine there were important centres of the new faith. But, however much the hagiologists may babble

of apostles and semi-apostles going forth here, there, and everywhere when—for the Church of Christ—time was young, there is less than no proof that in the wide region that lies between the Seine and the Garonne, and comprehends the whole basin of the Loire—no proof, but strong presumption the other way, that Christianity had got any firm foothold even at the beginning of the fourth century.

Nevertheless, when we have brushed away as much as we please of legend and fable and of tradition invented in the times when pious frauds were not rare and not discouraged, there remains a certain residuum of fact which may be accepted as the basis of sober history, and which finds us standing upon solid ground. It seems clearly established that in the middle of the third century a great missionary movement was started from Rome in the days of Pope Sixtus the Second, having as its object the evangelization of Celtic Gaul. Missionary work in those days was begun and carried on after a fashion which we in our times are only beginning to adopt. Those early missionaries were sent out in bands under a bishop appointed as the leader and commander, and one of these bands, it appears, was sent to Touraine, with a certain Gatian as its responsible director and head. He fixed his headquarters in the neighborhood of Tours. He found himself among a heathen people—a people who had lost their old Druid hierarchy with its elaborate organization, and whose religion was a confused and chaotic polytheism in which no one quite believed, which no one could hope to explain or defend, and which exercised over no one any moral influence or control.

The Roman fortress occupying the extreme eastern limit of the modern town presented a frontage of about four hundred and fifty yards along the left bank of the Loire; its western limit extended to the point where the piers of the suspension bridge now stand, and it comprehended within its area the soldiers' quarters the *Prætorium*, the baths, and an immense semi-

<sup>1</sup> *La Gaule Romaine*, p. 210 *et seq.*

circular theatre, the diameter of which was nearly five hundred feet, and calculated to hold seventeen thousand spectators. To the westward the city itself extended along the river bank. The enormous walls which surrounded this important military station, and of which fragments still remain to attest their cyclopean proportions, were not yet built up. The terror of the Roman name was sufficient in the third century to overawe the most audacious subjects of the Empire, and the barbarians on the frontiers had not yet burst the barriers that kept them within the borders assigned them. Tours was a *free city*. The taxes and tribute were not burdensome; trade flourished after a sort. There was peace and contentment in the land. The missionary bishop preached and taught and gathered converts. There is not much to show that the opposition he met with was fierce or violent, nor much to indicate that his success was great. The converts were, it seems, the poor and lowly, but the "common people heard him gladly." At times he had to hide himself among the caverns in the rocks over there, on the other side of the river. At times he came forth again, showing an example of a life of self-sacrifice, and an example of holiness, meekness, and love. The only strip of land which those Christians owned among them seems to have been a cemetery outside the limits of the city to the west, and this cemetery appears to have been held on the same tenure as similar burial-places were held by the early Christians at Rome. There they laid their first bishop in the "Poor men's graveyard." Not yet, does it seem, could they call it a *churchyard*, for a church they could hardly venture yet to raise and worship in as their own. For fifty years we hear this man of faith and prayer stayed at his post; and when he died, there was none to carry on his work. There was nothing to tempt the half-hearted to follow in his steps. The little Christian society, however, kept together and held its own.

This state of things went on for  
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seven-and-thirty years; meanwhile Christianity had been steadily making way. Constantine, the great emperor, had taken up with the new creed, and the world was following in his steps. There was no talk of persecuting now, nor any need to beg for mere toleration. The men that had jeered at the meek and lowly Gatian had passed away, and a new generation had sprung up who had learnt to revere his name. By this time peradventure they had got to call him a saint, and to wish there were another like him.

There was a certain wealthy citizen of Tours whose name was Litor, a devout and earnest man, large-hearted and open-handed. He saw that the Christian folk were many, and that the time had come for providing them with a worthy place of assembly. So he built them a church wherein to worship, and he acquired a great house in which a nobleman of Tours had dwelt, and he converted it into a *Basilica*, by which seems to be meant a sort of cloistral establishment, where the clergy might live in society, strengthening each other's hands. Then the Christians said, "Let Litor be our bishop," and somehow a bishop he became. We hear but little of him. They date his consecration in the year 337; he died in 371. Far away in the East there were wars and rumors of war — of vast masses of people moving westward — of terrors and horror that were at hand; but then in the West, all over the wide basin of the Loire, there was peace and quiet. The revolting peasants had come to a frightful end well-nigh a hundred years ago. Tours was the most important city from the Loire to the Seine, and by this time in Gaul a bishop was a personage whose power and influence were great, and making themselves felt more and more from day to day.

While Litor was ruling his diocese with quiet zeal and discretion, a far more illustrious ruler than he was playing a great part some seventy miles to the south of Tours. Poitiers was a city that lay on the highroad from Tours to Bordeaux. We know very little of its



early history ; but we do know that in the middle of the fourth century there was a large number of Christians settled there ; perhaps it is not saying too much to assert that Paganism had almost passed away in this region. At any rate the heathen folk were in a minority. At Poitiers, as at Tours, there was a man of birth and education, a man of wealth and position, who had been born in the town, and lived there with his wife and daughter, and his name was Hilary. One day he declared himself a Christian ; he had been for long a devout student of the Scriptures, but had hesitated to take his side. He would do so no more. He was baptized with his wife and daughter, and then the eyes of all the faithful were turned upon him. There is nothing to show that there had been any bishop at Poitiers till now. The people's voice rose up to heaven. " We need a guide and teacher among us, speaking with authority, and acting as our leader and governor. Let Hilary the good be our bishop — him and none else ! " Those were days when it seems the people did not wait for any *congé d'élire*.

It was twelve years or so before this that the church at Tours had elected Litor ; twenty-four years later St. Ambrose was chosen Bishop of Milan by acclamation ; now, in the year 350 A.D., Hilary was summoned by the voice of the Christian people to be Bishop of Poitiers. Never was a popular election more justified by the event. Hilary became the champion of the orthodox in the West ; but he was more than a mere polemic ; the holiness of his daily life exercised an immense personal attraction. To young men he was a hero to worship. Among them was a young soldier born at Stein-am-Anger,<sup>1</sup> a town about one hundred miles south of Vienna (Pannonia), who had served in the wars under Julian the Apostate, perhaps against the Alemanni in 359, and probably had been on the young prince's staff when he kept his court at Paris. There he may

have had time for study and reflection. There, too, he may have heard of the great Bishop Hilary in the West, pounding away at the Arians, and giving them no rest — for they called him *Malleus Arianorum* — but all the while living the life of a saint, to whom this world was but a painful sojourning-place, the other world was his home. Martin — that was his name — threw up his commission, he could find no peace ; he, too, must become a real living, praying, fasting, toiling Christian. His heart was hot within him ; he must needs go to some one who could give him counsel and help, and tell him how truth was to be found, and how heaven could be ours. He was one of those ardent and passionate natures from whom the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, who lay siege to its gates and batter its walls with strong sighs and tears, and who can give themselves no rest till they have taken that kingdom by force. To Poitiers he came, and there the saintly Bishop Hilary received him with open arms. There was no limit to the ascendancy which the elder man exercised over the younger. Martin was a man of birth and fortune, and he laid his worldly wealth at the feet of his teacher. There was much strife and variance among Christians in those days. The heathen had ceased to persecute people for professing Christianity, but the Arians and the Orthodox had begun to persecute one another. The craze for asceticism, too, in its various forms had set in. Martin founded a monastery at Poitiers, doubtless a very different sort of establishment from that which developed into the vast institutions of a later time, for all this was going on more than one hundred years before St. Benedict of Nursia was born or thought of. Such as they were, however, these early devotees had begun to be troublesome in the eastern parts of the empire, and their numbers had multiplied so seriously here, there, and everywhere that the Emperor Valens, A.D. 365, issued an edict ordering that monks should not be excused serving in the army, who so refused should be

<sup>1</sup> He was born in 336, consecrated on the 4th of July, 370, died on the 11th of November, 401, æt. 66. (Arndt and Krusch, Greg. ii. 590 n.)

flogged for his contumacy. But the rage was not to be stopped this way ; it went on growing from much to more. Indeed, the monastic life was at this period passing through a new stage in its development. The dangerous mischiefs inseparable from a life of asceticism passed in lonely seclusion had become widely recognized. The Anchorites were beginning to associate themselves in communities under some sort of discipline, and Martin built, it seems, a house in which they who had a craze for turning their backs upon the world might live together in society ; that is, he invited the *Anchorites* to become *Cœnobites*. To separate oneself from all that was evil might or might not be for the good of the soul. To live in the society of seekers after God must be better.

Meanwhile Martin himself was practising severe austerities with the usual results. Visions came to him, voices spake to him, the foul fiend appeared before him, the flesh troubled him, angels comforted him. Hilary, his teacher and guide, had gone through it all. But Hilary had thrown himself into theological disputation—the literature of the time—and this had saved him from excessive introspection, saved him from being a mere morbid mystic, hardly able to separate his dreams from his waking actions ; for the brain will not bear to be left without its natural repose, and revenges itself for uninterrupted demands upon its powers by making unconscious cerebration do the work of sleep. Martin was no man of letters, he had no resource in books and study. What he saw, or thought he saw, what he heard or felt, or thought he heard or felt, he accepted as fact, without questioning. Beginning with a faith that asked only for certainties, he had gone to accept ever more and more as absolute verity—dogmas one day, inferences hardly deserving the name the next ; then injunctions that were laid upon him as binding, this to do, and that to refrain from, and the other to maintain without doubt or wavering till the faith of the neophyte had ceased

to be a force controlling the excesses of the critical faculty, and had become mere unquestioning credulity, stubbornly receptive of all that might be offered. Let reason or conscience, or prudence, or doubt suggest what they might, these are all devil-born.

But Martin was exactly the man of his time—neither behind the age nor too much in advance. These people of Gaul, in the basin of the Loire, wanted only something to believe—only to believe, to believe ! Here was one whose faith, at any rate, was firm as the everlasting hills. He had found the truth, and if he, verily and indeed arrived at that, what could he not be expected to do ? He spoke of the Lord the Christ as a friend who held personal converse with himself ; the Christ, he told them, was always by his side. He heard his voice in the roar of the tempest, in the rush of the hurricane. In the blaze of the noonday, when the cicada forgot to chirrup, that voice came with articulate words. He wondered others did not hear them ! In the blackness of the midnight whispers spake to him such mysteries as might not be uttered by the lips of mortal men. “Faith !” said the multitude, “faith !” If we could but believe as he does, then were our salvation sure. Faith, they say, can remove mountains ; what is to hinder this man from working miracles, raising the dead, or opening the eyes of the blind ; or, if the barbarians come, as come they will some day, what is to hinder him from turning to flight the armies of the aliens ? “There is one virtue,” they cried, “and that is faith. Only to believe—only to believe ! One power that can overcome all things, that is faith. All things are possible to him that believeth, and this holy one believes as none others do !”

Of course the next step was that up and down this Gallia Lugdunensis, among this newly awakened people, excitable, unreasoning, superstitious, ignorant, counting nothing impossible, the contagion of St. Martin's unquestioning faith, supported and buttressed as it was by his fame for holiness and absolute unworldliness, communicated

itself like a prairie fire among the multitude high and low. They accepted with a passionate enthusiasm the dogmas which he imposed upon them, they adopted his attitude of passive acquiescence in his creed; they thought they had gained like faith with him when they had only followed him in his boundless credulity; but for his life of holiness, his unworldliness, his ecstatic devotion and his attitude of aspiration, his thirst for nearness to God, even the living God—all that they let him keep to himself. They would believe; they would *do*, they could *do*, no more.

Good, worthy, generous and blameless Litor died. The people cried out for Martin of Poitiers to come and be their bishop. They would take no denial, and on the 4th of July, 370, he was consecrated Bishop of Tours. It was a Sunday, the day of days, the day which the saint of wonder-working faith had always loved; for was it not the Lord's day, which the Lord had exalted as his own?

Take as notes of time, that when Martin was elected bishop St. Hilary had been dead two years; that St. Jerome had just brought his tour in Gaul to an end, and during that tour had been much moved by "religious impressions," had made acquaintance with Hilary's book on the Psalms, and copied the whole of it with his own hands; that St. Ambrose was still a layman and prefect of Liguria, with his official residence at Milan; that St. Augustine, a precocious and rollicking lad, was leading a somewhat dissipated life at Carthage, and just beginning to surrender himself to the allurements of the Manichean creed. We need not look further eastward, though there were two great men there, too, who were fast rising into notice—Basil, the two Gregories, and Chrysostom. Athanasius, the greatest of them all, was ending his days at Alexandria, revered and undisturbed in his peaceful old age.

St. Martin took up his abode at Tours. Litor's Basilica, it must be remembered, was not the episcopal or cathedral church. Already it had be-

come a monastery, though perhaps hardly yet with a perfected organization. Probably the monks were presided over by a prior, but the bishop's authority was paramount; there was no thought of disputing his supremacy in those early days. The cathedral was situated at the other end of the city, within the precincts of the Roman citadel, and hard by was the episcopal residence, from which the bishop worked the great diocese.<sup>1</sup> His clergy lived round him in their clergy houses. They were still to some extent missionary preachers, told off to minister in this station and in that; in the town itself there were arduous duties to discharge, and many calls upon their time. There was the education of the young to supervise, and it must needs be a Christian education; there was the care of the poor and needy, of orphan and the widows in the daily ministrations, and soon there came the provision for the sick and incurable, for it is claimed that at Tours the very earliest hospitals were founded and endowed. These cathedral clergy had to conform to such discipline as the bishop thought fit to impose; and as their number in the natural course of things went on increasing, that discipline would tend to pass through changes; for not only did circumstances alter, but each succeeding bishop would be pretty sure to have views of his own of what was wanted. Whether these clerics were yet called *canons* (i.e., men of rule) I will not venture to pronounce decidedly, but that they were a chapter or college whose members were united by the bond of subjection to the bishop in a *de facto* corporation I cannot doubt.

As for the monks in the Basilica, they were meek enough and subservient enough in St. Martin's days, but

<sup>1</sup> The parallel which London affords is extremely interesting. There too we had, on the left bank of the Thames, the Cathedral Church of St. Paul with its canons, among whom the bishop had his residence, and higher up the river was the Confessor's Abbey at Westminster, with its monks and their shrine—the distance between the two foundations being almost exactly the same as between the Basilica and the Cathedral at Tours.

the time came when they waxed fat and kicked, and declared that no bishop should be lord over them. An abbot of so renowned a monastery was as good as a bishop any day, even though he were Bishop of Tours. But that was a long time after this.

Martin did not like the secular business that it was hard to avoid. He shrank from the pressure and the noise of the crowd. He would fain keep up the old life of mortification and silent prayer; how could he, when there were interruptions at every hour of the day and night, and ceaseless questionings in things great and small, which imperatively demanded his prompt decision? He set up a sort of hermitage, a cell to retire to when he needed to be alone, in the precincts of the great Basilica. Even that sufficed not; he would not rest till he had founded a real monastery on the other side of the Loire. After passing through centuries of romantic vicissitudes, it still flourishes as a quiet and beautiful nunnery, known by the name of *Marmoutier*, which is only a transformation of the older title, *Majus Monasterium*, or the Greater Monastery, founded more than fifteen hundred years ago. Thither the bishop would retire at intervals when the stir and stress of the Canons' College was unbearable, and there he collected all such seekers after God as he could find, men old and young, afraid of the world or sick of it, and yearning to lead the higher life, and spend their days and nights in exercises of devotion, and looking into the state of their souls. Poor souls! What grievous and sore trouble they gave their owners!

Meanwhile there was a mighty movement going on. Mothers brought their children for baptism; they could not tell you why, save that it *must* be good to make them somehow children of God. Conscience-stricken men flocked to the mass with bowed heads, trembled when the host was raised, trembled at the presence of the very God. In the great cathedral church multitudes with one voice pealed forth some hymn which Hilary of Poitiers had

composed only, as it were, the other day, whose words were familiar to them all; or they followed the bishop, with a ringing echo, when the creed that those Arian heretics hated came to be said or sung, and each man cried aloud with a certain ferocity of assertion: "I believe! I believe! I believe!" It was all mystery and a holy wonder. It was the age of faith—faith that asked no questions, knew no perplexity, nor any halting on a borderland between assertion and denial. One day a man was in the outer darkness, where the wolves were packing and howling, the next he had sprung at a bound into the shepherd's fold.

Ay, but this bishop and his staff were not slothful shepherds that cared not for the flock. The children were sent to them to be taught, and taught they were. The beggars came for food. The poor in the hard times asked for help—for seed corn, for a loan, for a garment. The widow and orphan came that they might have some one to speak for them, might have protection from their oppressors, counsel in their distress, deliverance from the scribes that devoured widows' houses and restored not the pledge to such as had no friends.

And when disease and physical suffering had brought them very low, the people found their holy bishop a friend indeed! The science of medicine may have been, as we say, in its infancy, but, such as it was, Martin appears to have been skilful in applying it. To set a broken limb, to bind up a painful wound, to apply such remedies as might relieve common ailments, to detect the causes of mischief that were below the surface, and to suggest some rational treatment, all these appear to have been a kind of intuition with him. His fame spread far and wide. Soon it began to be said that he *was*, as they expected he would be, a worker of miracles indeed. One could tell how his son lay dying, nay, he was dead, and the bishop had laid his hands upon him, and he rose up and walked; another had been halt or maimed, and

the saint had bound up his wounds, touched him, and he was whole. The frenzied were calm and gentle in his presence, and their ravings ceased. His voice of tender sympathy soothed sharp pain. Each new story of his marvellous and inexplicable power was the parent of others, stimulating unconsciously the exaggerations which arose so easily, and were in many instances the mere innocent expressions of exuberant gratitude for real benefits received. Sometimes, too, with the greedy credulity of irrational superstition there was mingled a strain of motives that helped to emphasize the wildest assertions of witnesses whose testimony was appealed to. Some, who were proud of their native city, were proud that such things should be going on in their midst; the world had no such bishop as theirs. Pilgrims were already coming from afar to gaze upon him, to listen, to see him with their own eyes, to bring their needs to him and cast themselves at his feet, and all left something behind them; it could not but be well for Tours. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" was doubtless shrieked by many who believed what they said with all their hearts; by some who could not bear the thought that the temple of the great goddess should be despised and her magnificence destroyed; by some in no small fear that their craft was in danger to be set at naught, and lest the demand for the silver shrines of the temple should come to an end, to their own great loss and damage.

Our beliefs and our professions of assent to this or that creed, ay, and our misgivings and loud protests of denial too, are not always free from lurking considerations of loss or gain such as sway many fairly honest men, in the main neither hypocrites nor cowards. How much more convenient, when a multitude is under the dominion of an irresistible delusion, to let them have their way, rather than hold aloof, and lift up one's voice, and be the single sane man among the myriads crazed!

Almost the only contemporary life of St. Martin is that by his enthusiastic

disciple, Sulpicius Severus. The influence of this curious tract upon mediæval hagiology it would be very hard to exaggerate; its importance as the model on which the later lives of saints were drawn up has, I think, never been adequately recognized. It is incomparably more sober, humanly affectionate, and free from nauseous extravagances than the stupid and impudent pictures of copyists. One critic calls it a "pious novel." He never could have read the book. Sulpicius may have been weakly credulous, but what he tells us, he believed as simply as he believed the Gospel. From his point of view, what he set down was mere matter of fact. The prodigious accumulation of *mythos* which grew up in the next two hundred years, and which Gregory of Tours collected together with the insatiable voracity of a mind saturated in the grossest superstition, proves how deep was the impression left by St. Martin upon the people of his own days, and it proves too that Sulpicius, while gratefully accepted as a true and faithful witness as far as he went, was not regarded to have done full justice to his master and friend. There was so much more to tell.

Moreover, if in deed and in truth the holy Bishop of Tours had, in his lifetime, restored to life a wretched slave who had hung himself; had kissed into health and cleanliness a hideous leper at Paris; and cured of (temporary?) blindness a friend who afterwards became Bishop of Treves; and had done many another wonderful work that there was no explaining—what more natural, what more logical, than that the people should expect that this kind of thing would go on? "It is sure to go on!" men cried. "It must go on! it shall go on!" And go on it did from generation to generation. Captives in their inaccessible prisons called to the dead and ever-living saint, and burst their fetters and were free. Drowning men at their last gasp thought of him, prayed to him, struck out with one more desperate effort, and found themselves on



the river bank. Sailors in the trough of the sea, their vessel ready to founder, shrieked out his name, and the winds were hushed into a calm! Woe to those that mocked, and woe to those on whom his displeasure fell; and blessed were they who put their faith in him, be they where they might, on land or sea. But Tours had been his home when living, now his resting-place when dead; for even workers of miracles die.

In 401 St. Martin felt that his time was short. Quarrels had broken out among his clergy at Candes, a town at the point where the Loire receives the waters of the Vienne. The saint went down to make peace. He quelled the dissensions, but he fell ill and never rallied. A countless multitude assembled to take part in his obsequies, and with sobs and tears and irrepressible grief they laid him in his grave.

His successor was one of those many whom he had turned away from a frivolous life in his youth, Brice by name, of whom the saint had foretold that he would have a troublous career, and the prophecy came true. For years St. Martin's tomb, though visited by multitudes, was but a poor little sepulchre, roofed over only with thatch. At last St. Brice (they were all saints, as the pope is styled his Holiness) resolved to erect a worthier resting-place for the sarcophagus in which the man of God was sleeping. Accordingly he inclosed it in a small chapel some forty feet long by twenty wide, terminating towards the east in a semicircular apse, with a vaulted roof ceiled with panels of exquisite workmanship. From the roof was suspended a lamp that was never allowed to burn out. Behind the sarcophagus was the high altar, where the "daily sacrifice" was offered with becoming solemnity. The crowds of pilgrims increased—the usual consequences followed. Needless to say that the miracles went on. Soon the concourse of worshippers required more and more space, and in the next generation another bishop, St. Perpetuus, set himself to build a worthier and more splendid temple.

The sarcophagus was opened; the bones of the saint were collected and placed in a magnificent shrine of silver gilt (*electrum*), and over this Perpetuus set up an altar of marble, fragments of which *in situ* were discovered in 1860, after being concealed from all eyes for many centuries. Round this central shrine the church of St. Perpetuus rose up, a marvel of magnificence; and though its proportions were inconsiderable as compared with the immense cathedrals of a later age, its massive walls, its wide portals, its lofty windows, and its hundred columns, with all the barbaric glitter and sheen that bewildered the worshippers with a sense of vastness and beauty and glory, made even this early church of Tours by far the most impressive sacred building in Gaul, and as such it continued to be the admiration and the despair of the Western architects for at least six hundred years.

In the century that had elapsed since St. Martin had been so prominent and dominant a figure at Tours his name had become more and more "a name to conjure by;" his personality had impressed itself ever deeper and deeper upon the imagination of the Christians of the West; his fame as a worker of miracles had spread abroad from one end of Europe to the other—but greater honor was preparing for him and for Tours.

During the fourth century no part of the Roman Empire had suffered so little from war as Gaul, south of the Seine. The people enjoyed a kind of independence, they were in a great measure left to themselves. The fifth century was almost half over before Tours had any experience of the horrors of a siege. Then the Visigoths got possession of the town; but the bishops of Tours set their faces against these Arian heretics, and they played into the hands of the terrible Franks. Clovis was by this time the mightiest conqueror in Europe, but his ambition was not satisfied—say, rather, that he could not safely stop in his career. To leave the Visigoths masters of Aqu-

taine, and to let them retain the Gironne, was impossible; but the Loire must be made sure of as a first step to the next advance. Clovis saw that with Touraine as the home of orthodoxy, and St. Martin as the wonder-working champion of the Nicene Creed, the Arians must needs be at a disadvantage. They had no *oracle*, the others had. Prudence, policy, and the unceasing pleading of his queen Clotilda, all urged him in the same direction; those Arian Visigoths were to be swept from the face of the earth; their foes should be his friends.

Four years later he moved his headquarters between Paris and Soissons. It was the year in which his brother-in-law, Theodoric the Great, paid his memorable visit to Rome. In 507 he set out to drive the Visigoths across the Pyrenees. His march led him along the old Roman road that passed through Tours, and already a great awe was upon him as he approached the city of the saint who was to him a mysterious object of wonder akin to fear, a being, whether human or divine, he could not tell.

He sent messengers before him to consult the oracle, as men had done to Delphi a thousand years before. They carried rich offerings in their hands to the shrine and the Basilica of St. Perpetuus, now in all its fresh and dazzling grandeur. As the envoys entered the church the choir were chanting the Seventeenth Psalm, and while their steps were just passing the great doorway the words of triumph burst forth in loud acclaim: "Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle; thou shalt throw down mine enemies under me!" The omen came to the fierce warrior with a shock of joy; he crossed the Vienne on the way to Poitiers, and at Vouillé he met the Visigoths and routed them with hideous slaughter; Alaric, the Visigoth king, was among the slain, Aquitaine was won.

Four years later Clovis went again to Tours. The Emperor Anastasius had sent ambassadors to the Frankish conqueror; they brought him a purple robe, a mantle, and a golden crown

enriched with precious stones, and in their master's name they greeted him as consul. Clovis rode through the streets of Tours, scattering handfuls of gold as he went along, the people troubling the air with their plaudits, and welcoming him as "Consul!" and "Augustus!" He passed into the great Basilica, and there he gave a public audience. Then he prostrated himself before St. Martin's tomb, and rendered thanks for the victories he had won through the intercession of the Holy One whose votary he professed himself to be. Next year he died at Paris (27th of November, 511); he was but forty-five years of age; his career, take it all in all, has no parallel in history.

Clotilda, the widowed queen, returned to Tours and took up her residence within the precincts of the great Basilica, under the shadow of St. Perpetuus's Church. She gave herself up to a life of austerity, so far as one in her exalted position was likely to do; she chose at her own will three bishops of Tours, at least, and at Tours she died in 545. She seems to have been lavish in her offerings; to the end a kind of queen that could hold her own. Through the mists that hang about that period of horrible wickedness and cruelty, when the Merovingians showed themselves less like men than like wild beasts rioting in lust and blood, every now and then there flit across the stage at Tours some of the actors in that revolting drama — men and women, with hobgoblin names, that one finds it hard to believe were human beings of note and power in their day. Did Clotilda make that place of retreat into a kind of palace, or something like it, that Ultrogotho, another queen, and widow of Clotilda's son, Childebert, made a pilgrimage to Tours, bringing with her gold and jewels and precious garments? She humbled herself with strong crying and tears, and as she wept and prayed at the awful shrine, lo! two blind men were restored to sight. Next came the hapless Radegunda — she too a queen, but not a widow, for she had renounced

her ruffian husband, Clothaire. She came to find peace of mind, and found it ; for she was a blameless and a gentle woman, truly devout and sound of heart, who deserved, if any do, to be numbered among the saints of God on earth. Clothaire himself appeared at Tours the year before he died (561). He came to play the penitent, and to beg with loud groanings at the shrine, bringing rich offerings in his hand that he might be saved from the wrath to come.

"There may be heaven, there must be hell," mutters the fierce man in the poet's lay. If he was right that foul and bloodstained king might have grovelled long enough on the pavement by St. Martin's burial-place before by such gesticulations he could have atoned for the murder of his eldest son, whom, a little while ago, he had burnt alive !

If you have a taste for horrors you may have your appetite for such food supplied even to satiety by turning over the pages of Gregory of Tours' history of those Merovingian monsters and their enormous crimes during the sixth century. But Tours, at one time or another, saw them each and all. The grandsons of Clovis were almost worse than their sires. The story of that generation is one long record of slaughter and treachery. Clothaire's dominions were at his death divided into four kingdoms, precisely as his father Clovis's had been, and the old conflicts between the brothers began again ; only the atrocities of this generation were tenfold worse than their fathers had known. These were the days of Fredegonde and Brunehild. The story of those terrible women makes one sick to read. Let us pass them over here.

From the coming of Clotilda to Tours the bishopric appears to have become a piece of patronage which the royal family bestowed at their will. We hear no more of the people's voice making itself heard. The bishops followed one another in rapid succession. Clotilda seems to have virtually appointed five or six of them. Then Clothaire promoted his chancellor or

private secretary, and then a diplomatist who had done him good service — alas ! the man took to drink in his old age — then the high-born and magnificent Euphronius, who was bishop when Clothaire came howling and blubbering to St. Martin's shrine ; he died in 572, eleven years after Clothaire had closed his long career of crime.

Seventeen days after the death of Euphronius, Gregory, "the father of French history," as our neighbors across the Channel love to call him, was chosen Bishop of Tours. The lower Loire had fallen into the hands of Siegbert, the eldest of the sons of Clovis, by the death of his brother Charibert in 567. Gregory was virtually appointed to his bishopric by Siegbert and his audacious wife Brunehild. Between Siegbert and his youngest brother, Chilperic, King of Soissons, there had risen up implacable hate, and Chilperic's wife, Fredegonde, was more than a match for Brunehild in cunning and reckless ferocity. The war between the two brothers and their children went on for forty years. It may be said to have come to an end when Brunehild was tied to a horse's tail, and dashed to pieces as the scared brute was lashed into a gallop (A.D. 612).

Gregory was of diminutive stature but well-born ; he counted at least three bishops among his forefathers ; he was now in his thirty-fourth year. All his life he had lived among ecclesiastics ; he had been nursed in the atmosphere of religious observances which were very closely allied indeed to superstition. St. Martin had long been his hero ; for years he had been collecting stories of miracles and wonders and nursing his faith to keep it warm ; he accepted everything, he questioned nothing. Under his eye the cathedral and the great Basilica, which had suffered much damage by fire and pillage, were more than restored ; they were made more glorious than before. Tours had already become a holy city, and in that narrow area, exclusive of the precincts of the cathedral, there were by this time at least eighteen churches, not

to speak of any others that were built on the right bank of the Loire. We are dealing, observe, only with the sixth century. In a later age they count more than sixty churches and chapels upon this holy ground. The architecture, as far as the fabrics were concerned, was barbaric, but Gregory's friend and contemporary, Fortunatus, tells us how the interiors were enriched with paintings and sculpture, with mosaics and bas-reliefs, and all ablaze with gilding and color. The prodigious wealth of the churches and the clergy was becoming embarrassing. To the monks it was a serious danger in many ways; laxity, indolence, and all the usual concomitants of luxurious living were the rocks ahead. But in the mean time Tours attracted able and cultured men within its walls, as well as the slothful and the time-servers. Already the school of music at Tours had a wide reputation. Artists could always hope to find employment; education went on of a certain kind. The Merovingian kings were far from being illiterate. Chilperic, Fredegonde's husband, wrote prose and verse, and even believed himself to be something of a theologian. It must have been at Tours that Fortunatus first got into favor with St. Radegunda before she took flight to Poitiers. There was much coming and going, and much discussion, sometimes of a heated character. Britain's St. Augustin — on his way to England to breathe, if it might be a new life into the well-nigh extinct Christianity that was languishing among us, and to introduce new discipline into the drooping Church of our island — sojourned for a while at Tours, and saw the holy city as Gregory had left it just three years before, a sight to make even the Roman monk pause and wonder with much searching of heart. And just about the same time another saint, Columban, the Irish missionary, found himself also at Tours, when Brunehild had put him on shipboard at Nevers a banished man, and ordered him to leave her realm and take himself back whence he came. What a sight for the eyes of those two fervent and car-

nest ones as they gazed upon the forest of towers and fanes glittering in the sunshine! Of course they bent their steps to the renowned Basilica, but as their eyes rested upon the long series of frescoes on which St. Martin's miracles were displayed, covering all the walls, did it occur to either of them, or peradventure to both, "Everywhere Martin and his wonders, but where is Christ?"

Not a little significant is it that among all this crowd of churches there was not one dedicated to the Saviour's name; they were erected to the honor of outlandish saints, whose memory has passed away, and of whom the boundless industry even of the Bollandists has little to tell that is better than fable. Tours, from first to last, was the home of credulity. Under the sway of those Frankish rulers preachers of righteousness, purity, and love could have gained no hearing. It was as if the priests of the sanctuary had come to acquiesce in an ethical standard which to us is simply horrible to think of, and had laid the flattering unction to their souls that at any rate their converts were believers. Where both practice and profession could not be looked for together, better to have one than neither; if the multitude continued to be the slaves of their old vices and appetites and passions, following in this the example set them by their irresponsible princes, still something was gained by making them believe as they were taught, like callow fledgelings opening their mouths for whatever might be dropped into them.

Simple little Bishop Gregory — all nerves and heat and busy little brain, with his feeble constitution and his romantic temperament, brave and outspoken, and never daunted by bluster or threats — lived the higher life according to his light, but he moved along a line with a very narrow gauge. His own times, and all succeeding times, could better spare a better man. What would we not give for such a history of our own land in those centuries over which now an impenetrable darkness hangs, and will hang forever!

Gregory's eight books on the virtues—that is, the miracles—of St. Martin gave a new and powerful impetus to the cult of the saint; they did more—they served to stimulate immensely the unhealthy appetite for that mischievous form of fiction which, the more it was indulged, the more emasculated did the untrained intellectual powers of the multitude become. The shrine was the object of their adoration; it was like the sacred stone of Mecca, the outward and visible sign that miracles had not, never could cease; a palladium which legions of angels watched round to defend. When, in October, 732, Charles Martel assembled his mighty army in the great plains hard by Tours, it may be that he chose this battlefield to give his hosts the benefit of such assurance of victory as might be supplied by the consciousness that the saint was near them and on their side. When the Saracens were smitten hip and thigh, routed and cowed, and Europe was saved from the infidels, who could doubt whence deliverance had come? Whence but from the awful one whose bones were resting in the great Basilica, where prayers were offered up without ceasing night and day? If blasphemers in their godless cynicism ventured to suggest that in very truth the wealth of the plundered churches and monasteries had helped to gather the soldiers of fortune to the Hammerer's standard, and so had mightily influenced the fortunes of war, the monks despoiled of their good things, and the clergy who had been grievously plundered, as they undoubtedly were, would be sure to raise a howl of fierce denial: "Nay, nay! Not his wealth which ye robbed him of, but his own right hand and his stretched-out arm. He smote great kings, for his mercy endureth forever; and slew famous kings, for his mercy endureth forever!"

New and abler rulers rose up to oust the dregs of the house of Clovis, but still St. Martin held his own. Pepin, Charlemagne's father, lay a-dying, and he knew it. There was one chance for

him of recovery from the grievous sickness that was upon him, one chance of being granted a few more years of life. He sent great gifts worthy of a king to the shrine, and begged the saint to give ear to his moan and set him up again. The prayer was answered. He rallied a little, just long enough to allow of his reaching Paris, and there he breathed his last (A.D. 768). Karl himself—emphatically Karl the Great—is said to have made more than one pilgrimage to Tours. The city had become more and more splendid; but the waters of the Loire, Karl said, must be kept within bounds, and new quays were constructed by his orders.

In June, 800, says the Chronicle, he was at Tours again; Hildegard, his fourth wife, was sick unto death. Karl paid his devotions at the shrine; but Hildegard's hour had come. Karl buried her in St. Martin's Church, and in her memory raised up that tower—or the core of that tower—which is one of the few relics of the glorious Basilica, and it still bears his name. The monastic and episcopal schools at Tours long before this time had quite superseded the old Roman municipal schools. The school of the Basilica had now become a sort of Frankish Eton, where the sons of the rich and noble congregated in large numbers, learning as little as they chose, but paying high fees for the little that they learnt. Karl brought about a new order of things, and reforms were carried out or attempted—on paper. But not even a Roman emperor can change the spirit of his age. Tours never rose to that position, as a seminary of sound learning, which was reached at Paris or Aachen. When Alcuin of York—worn out at last by all the work and noise and unrest at the emperor's court—retired to enjoy a short period of repose as abbot of St. Martin, to which preferment he had been appointed some years before, he found the cathedral canons and the monks of this and that religious house in the town mere dunces as compared with those he had left behind. But of the lovely climate of this favored land, of its air, its



fruits, its sunshine, he speaks in a kind of rapture.

It is now as it was then. I for one could not but think of Alcuin when they brought us the pears and figs and peaches, fragrant and luscious, in such prodigal abundance, only a month or two ago, in our delightful caravansary. More than a thousand years had passed away. What had not changed since then? Laws, morals, politics, literature—yes, and, thank God! religion too, for the faith and Christian sentiment of the nineteenth century are other than those of the ninth. But nature in her smiling beneficence is almost as she was, though one had one's misgivings as to whether or not the march of luxury had not surpassed the old level after all, and whether the habits and requirements of our modern life were or were not less potent for good or evil than the barbaric grandeur and stifling self-indulgence of those so-called dark ages.

What a long story there is still to tell about this city and its shrine! We are but at the beginning of its romantic annals. A man may saunter through those streets and find at every step a spirit of the past accosting him; every stone in the road, every ripple on the river, brings him a message from the ages behind us. What a happiness it is to some of us to have an ear to hear the voices of the dead speaking, and calling up the wondrous memories! Alas! that, with all our immense advantages, with knowledge so accessible, and our means of acquiring it so incomparably more facile than in our fathers' days, Gibbon's sarcasm should be truer now than ever: "Our modern travellers, taking nothing with them on their travels, bring nothing home."<sup>1</sup>

When I sat down to write with a light heart, I thought I could easily get it all over from the beginning of time down to the last and, in some respects,

the most wonderful resuscitation of the cult of St. Martin by the rebuilding of his Basilica in our own days. But who is sufficient for these things, and who would read the long, long tale if I had the wit to tell it? And yet there are some very queer stories of events that happened and personages that did such amazing things at Tours. I wonder how many of my readers ever heard that it was at Tours that William the Conqueror took a huge fancy for the lady who became his queen; that she would not have anything to say to him; that she was so very, very, very rude, and said such horrid things to him, that he kicked her and beat her within an inch of her life. Only then did she submit to this terrible wooer, and even went the length of vowing that she would have this man, who could trounce his wife so soundly, and him only. Whether St. Martin helped this suitor who would take no denial—helped him by telling him the right way to win the bride—I know not. But that, too, happened at Tours. Well, if it did *not*, how does it happen that only the Tours Chronicle relates the odd legend? There is so little unusual and such an entire absence of the miraculous in the incident that it can hardly be a dream or an invention. Did the grim Conqueror, too, make a pilgrimage to Tours, and did the oracle say, "Win her by fair means or by foul?"

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
AN EDITOR'S LETTERS.

THERE has always been a peculiar interest attached to the days of Jeffrey and the *Edinburgh Review*. Perhaps even now—though many may think that everything possible has been said about those times and men—some may care to read a few letters taken almost haphazard from a box of old manuscripts, a great part of which belonged to Jeffrey. They were found among the papers of the late Mr. Hunter, of Craigcrook, Edinburgh, who was a connection of Lord Jeffrey and

<sup>1</sup> I shall be very grateful to any of my readers who will tell me when and *how* Gibbon expressed this. I am very sure that I read it somewhere in Gibbon when I was little more than a boy, and, I think, *not* in the "Decline and Fall."

his executor. As far as we know, these letters have not been published, and probably many of them have only been kept for the sake of the autograph. They have little or no connection with one another, beyond the fact of their all being addressed to the same person, so any distinct classification has been found impossible, especially as in many cases no date is given.

It is interesting to search among them, and to read one here and there just as they come to hand—first, a letter from Sarah Siddons about some manuscript, and asking Jeffrey to call upon her; then a brief note from Lord Brougham, about a volume of the *Edinburgh Review*; one from Thomas Arnold, asking for information on some points of Church government in Scotland; or a witty, amusing epistle of Sydney Smith's on friendly domestic subjects. Scott, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Hogg, Archibald Alison, Hallam, all these have contributed their share to the fascinating sheaf of manuscripts, as well as those whose letters are given below.

The extracts given nearly all belong to Jeffrey's correspondence during the first thirty years of the century, and in most cases relate to business connected with the *Edinburgh Review*.

One of the earliest is a note from Wilberforce, written while the movement for the abolition of the slave trade was on foot.

Lyme, Nov. 5, 1804.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me, while it is in my Recollection, to desire you to send my manuscript to Zachary Macaulay, Esq., Sierra Leone House, Birchin Lane, London, or to Mr. Longman, to be by him delivered to Mr. Macaulay. It is suggested that, possibly during the winter, the "Defence of the Slave Trade" may be circulated among the members of both Houses, in which case it may be well for us to have the answer ready to hand.

I return thanks for your last obliging letter, which I received last night; the 9th No. has not yet reached me.

I remain, dear sir, your faithful servant.

W. WILBERFORCE.

Another, probably belonging to the

same time, though it is undated, is an appeal from Thomas Campbell:—

I received your letter, my dear Jeffrey, this morning at a time when I was agitated with the feelings of past joy and present anxiety. I have got a son, and my wife is doing as well as possible; but at this critical state of her health I feel an anxiety about her—I cannot describe how uneasy—I may lose all that is my comfort in existence, in a few days—at least, so my thoughts at certain hours forebode. I have not slept an hour to an end for four days and nights, and my tongue and throat are parched with incessant feverishness. I have much to do, but cannot compose my thoughts to do anything of consequence. I trust before October I shall have two sheets ready for the review, and I will do them as well as possible; but at present I cannot, upon my word.

I have received, in this state of soul and body, a letter from my mother, in which I am reminded of the term of payment of her half-year's annuity. I have no resource but to ask that you will concert with Constable for an advance on two sheets which I faithfully engage to give you in October, and if you get it, pray give it to the old woman.

I cannot send her as much without approaching the brink of my funds, and that is a serious affair in London. I need not appeal to your delicacy in silence on this affair, except to Constable. I beg to be remembered to Richardson. I have always found him a friend, but in the management of the books and correspondence thereon I must unwillingly accuse him of never writing to me.

I am, yours ever sincerely,

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

There is a letter from Sir Walter Scott to Jeffrey, almost the only letter of the year 1805 which has been preserved. In it he refers to his article on Godwin's novel, "Fleetwood," an article which apparently gave some offence to the author.

At this time the election of Professor Leslie to the Edinburgh Town Council was being strongly opposed by the clergy. An account of a long debate on the subject is given by Lord Cockburn. The "letter" is probably that of Playfair to the provost, which was answered by a fierce rejoinder from Dr. Chalmers.

Ashiestiel-by-Selkirk, April 8, 1805.

DEAR JEFFREY, — I found such a variety of things to put to rights about my farm that I could only overtake "Fleetwood" on Sunday. I now send him, and hope he may relieve your mind and fingers from the task of purveying for the Baillie's Devils. I also send the work on which the necessary references are marked.

I wish Mrs. Jeffrey and you could look this way for a few days; the country is delightful though the leaves are but beginning to peep. Will you write and let me know what the clergy are about, and whether the printing the letter has produced a great sensation? Mrs. Scott joins in best compliments to Mrs. Jeffrey, and

I am, always yours truly,  
WALTER SCOTT.

The following letter is another of Scott's that has escaped publication. In Lockhart's "Life of Scott" there is an account of a poetical tailor called Andrew Stewart, who was in the end of 1808 sentenced to death for burglary. Through the influence of Scott and Mr. Manners, the Edinburgh bookseller, his sentence was commuted to one of transportation for life. His letters to Scott from prison are given, but not this one, which is apparently in answer to the first of them. It is impossible to say how it came into Jeffrey's hands.

Castle Street, Monday.

SIR, — I return the poems, and have made the communication you requested, though with little or no hope of having much weight. That of the jury may, I hope, be of more service to you and your fellow-sufferers. If Lord Justice Clerk should honor me with any immediate answer, which I do not however expect, I will instantly send it to you. You do well and wisely to consider the worst as certain, forming such reflections on your past life and preparations for a change as may either enable you to meet death with firmness, or to redeem past error by becoming a useful member of society should the Royal Mercy be extended to you.

I am, your friend and well-wisher,  
W. SCOTT.

Though this last note may seem irrelevant, yet it is interesting as an instance of Scott's kindness of heart.

A little later than the events alluded to in the last letter, there is a request

from Sir Humphry Davy for the support of the *Edinburgh Review*. At this time he was opposing the influence of Count Rumford in the Royal Institution. His tone in addressing the great editor is not so humble as that of a good many other correspondents.

April 10, 1810.

MY DEAR SIR, — I take the liberty of sending with this letter a sketch of a plan for unrumfordizing the Royal Institution; our bill is passing through Parliament without opposition, and if a few words could be said in our favor in the *Edinburgh Review*, it would give us life and strength.

My brother is writing an article which he intends to submit to you—a criticism on the Report of the Institute on the progress of physical sciences in the year 1809.

The remarks at the end of the review of the second vol. "Arcueil" are of a very unphilosophical kind. I hope my next paper may not pass through the same hands.

You were so good as to compliment me for magnanimity. Now, really, I have never been offended by any criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*; but I think your chemical articles have not been in the same style of composition or feeling as the literary or philosophical ones. Where your hand is to be found, there ought to be only the hands of masters.

An Experimenter ought not to be judged by the same rule as a poet. Fact is expected from one, pleasure from the other. If an Experimenter gives facts to the world they ought to be contented; but it is idle to attack him for not making every week or every year some capital discovery. It is a crime to write middling poetry, but it is no crime to bring forward a fact of small importance; for all Laws, all generalizations in Science, depend upon an accumulation of facts.

I am, dear sir, with much esteem, your obliged  
H. DAVY.

Moore seems to have been a constant correspondent of Jeffrey's. At the time when the following letter was written he was chiefly known as a poet, and had only recently begun to write for the *Edinburgh Review*. The famous romance of the "Caliph Vathek" was written by William Beckford in 1784. It originally appeared in French, as the author had lived mostly in France, but was soon translated.

London, May 23, 1816.

MY DEAR JEFFREY, — Some friends of yours have just told me that I ought to write something for the review, and one of them proposed "Vathek" (the original French) to me. Now, though all your kind praises have been ineffectual in warming me into any degree of confidence in my own powers as a reviewer, yet, if you wish it, and have employed no one better for the purpose, I *will* undertake "Vathek," and shall set about it as soon as I receive your mandate, directed to me to Mayfield, for which place I shall be off the day after to-morrow, heartily weary of the month's battle I have had here, though returning full of such strange knowledge, such monstrous recollections of men, women, and things, as would astonish the innocent Mayfieldians but to hint at. How I should like to have a day's talk with you about Lord Byron, about Glenarvon, about all the extraordinary topics that are agitated *usque ad nauseam* in this town! But you and I, I fear, though not parallels (would we were!), are destined never to meet. . . .

I hope you mean to praise "Rimini." I would do it for spite. Rogers is quite well, and has made me very happy by telling me how kindly you spoke of me at Paris.

Ever faithfully yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

"Rimini" suggests Leigh Hunt. He naturally wrote constantly to Jeffrey; but many of his letters have already been published, and others are too private for reproduction. There is a letter in "Leigh Hunt's Life and Correspondence," written shortly before the one quoted here, on very much the same subjects, and alluding to his article on Fairfax's "Tasso."

13 Lisson Grove North, Dec. 15, 1817.

MY DEAR SIR, — I trouble you with this in haste, merely to say that, if you approve of the article on Fairfax and it is not yet printed, I would thank you, instead of suffering the word "roughened" to stand in the passage where I speak of the translation's beauties, to let it be "If he has deteriorated the music of Tasso a little," etc.; for the fact is, as you most likely know, that Fairfax, if anything, has rather monotonized than otherwise the versification of his author, though in nothing like the degree of the modern versifiers. It is variety itself compared with theirs, and is only monotonous compared with the ac-

centuation of the Italian, which, like the wind, "bloweth where it listeth." I have still to write to you on the subject I mentioned, and shall perhaps have to beg your patience for rather a long letter.

Another assault has just appeared against me in a pamphlet, in which the writer says that I am a very respectable man in private, but exceedingly ridiculous in all other respects. The other said I had some talent, but was a great rascal.

I believe I shall put a little stop to these things shortly by letting the writers see that I do not mean to notice them any more—a resolution I should have always kept but for particular circumstances in the present instance. Excuse my taking up your time with this chattering, and believe me, my dear sir,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

LEIGH HUNT.

As might be expected, there is a good deal about Keats in Jeffrey's correspondence, especially in and about the year 1820. John Hamilton Reynolds, to whom Keats has dedicated so many poems, was at that time engaged, in conjunction with Barry Cornwall and others, in writing a series of criticisms on the drama.

The book of Proctor's referred to is "Dramatic Scenes, and other Poems."

Little Britain, July 13, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have seen Mr. Proctor since the receipt of your letter, and have informed him on the question of the division of the articles, so that we now understand that he is to take the tragic and I the comic drama.

If you are better pleased with this arrangement, I cannot wish it otherwise. The Fancy article you shall receive in time certainly — by the 12th.

Mr. Keats is young — twenty-two, I should think. He was educated for a surgeon, but has been foolish enough to abandon his profession and trust to his books and a very trifling income left by his father. He is an orphan. His health is now in the worst state, for, as his medical man tells me, he is in a decided consumption, of which malady his mother and brother died. He is advised — nay, ordered — to go to Italy, but in such a state it is a hopeless doom. Owing to Leigh Hunt's fatal patronage, Keats's name and fate have been joined with his in the *Quarterly* and in *Blackwood's Magazine*. By his friends

he is very much beloved, and I know of no one who with such talents is so unaffected and sincere, or who, with such personal abuse as he has suffered, could be so cheerful and so firm. His politics are strong against the *Quarterly Review*. I do not, my dear sir, at all ask you to review his book unless you are disposed to do it, from reading it, as though it were a book put into your hands by a stranger. . . .

I agree with you quite about Proctor's new book, with the exception of "Amelia Wentworth," which I think is written with great simplicity and pathos. The rest of the book bears marks of haste, and is therefore sketchy and indecisive.

I am ever, dear sir, your very faithful and obliged servant,

J. H. REYNOLDS.

A little later in the same year Proctor himself writes on very much the same subjects, though he pays a higher tribute to Keats's poetical powers.

25 Store Street, Bedford Square, Nov. 13, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR, — I received your very kind letter only this morning, and I hasten to reply to it, sending you at the same time nearly all that I have scribbled about Tragedy and so forth. Pray endeavor to like it as well as you can; but I know and feel how kindly you are disposed towards me. What I have done has cost me a little trouble, but I shall go on now like wildfire. I generally write very fast (too fast), and when once certain that you do not dislike what I have done I shall go on well. I have read over and over (and thought, too, on) our great old-fashioned dramatists, and have merely to pick up from my recollection what is already in my head, though I cannot at once turn to it. I have heard and read about the arrangement of one's

ideas, but I never could arrange mine. They were always in confusion, and always will be, I am afraid. I will try to make something of them, however.

Keats is gone to Italy. I did not see him before he left London, nor has he, I believe, yet written to England. Before your review of his book I had said that I would rather employ his poems as a test (to ascertain any person's liking for poetry) than, perhaps, the writings of any man living. I am pleased to see this opinion confirmed by you. There are one or two things in the review which had struck me, and which I shall now set down as incontrovertible. Keats was, I believe, better when his friend who accompanied him wrote from the Downs. We have been illuminating here, and we shall now have addresses and petitions, I suppose, out of number. I think I ought to write an ode. But to whom?

Thank you for all the kind things you say of me. "Almost dost thou persuade me" to be a Whig. Your kindness is more convincing than another's logic. I shall at least recollect it longer (and have it more by heart) than the most ingenious of arguments.

My dear sir, pray think me what I truly am,

Your obliged friend and servant,  
B. W. PROCTOR.

These scattered leaves from a great critic's correspondence perhaps contain little that was not known by every one before; but it is just because the names and subjects are so familiar that it has been possible to gather some fragments from a miscellaneous collection, and produce them as they are with no orderly arrangement.

MR. W. C. ANDREWS has patented a plan for supplying fuel in an altogether novel way. He suggests that at the coal-mines the coal should be reduced to a fine powder and mixed with a large quantity of water, so as to form a thick liquid having the appearance of ink, and that this mixture should then be pumped into pipes by powerful engines and carried to any convenient point. The liquid would have to

be forced through the piping at a speed of from six to seven miles an hour, so that the coal-dust should have no opportunity of settling before it arrived at its destination. Here it would be discharged into tanks, where the solid portion would gradually settle to the bottom, and the sediment so formed would afterwards be collected and compressed by hydraulic rams into blocks of convenient sizes for fuel.



